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THE PAINTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

I will paint a little scene,
Such as life often sees,
The sunshine quivering down between
The ever waving trees,
A tide of billowy moss
Upsurging o'er the slope,
And soft green grass where safely hid
The timid wild-flowers open!

And there sits a maid and dreams
Of sweet great things to be,
Her quiet eye, up-looking, seems
To see what angels see,
She knows naught of the world,
But she reads the mysteries
That blossom daily with the flowers,
And speak in murmuring trees.

I will paint another scene,
Such as life often sees,—
There's no room for the sun between
Two faces 'neath the trees.
One proud and one blushing face,—
Who cares for birds or bees?
Each in the other's true heart finds
A deeper life than these.

I will paint another scene,
Such as life often sees,—
The heart that's here will break, I ween,
For the stillness of the trees.
She seeketh around in vain
Some glance to meet her own,—
And if sweet a thing could pain,
Would loathe the bird's glad tone.

Idly she pulleth the buds,
And toseth them aside,—
"Why, let them fade,—beyond these woods,
Far better things have died!"
She knows too much of the world,
And she adds to the mysteries
Of bleeding hearts and fading flowers
And the autumn of the trees!

THE MYSTERY:

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE
RED COURT FARM," &c.

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trict of Pennsylvania.]

Chandos was a red, gothic-looking house, with gables and turrets and two wings. It struck me as looking low, not elevated; no steps ascended to the house, and the rooms on the ground floor were level with the ground outside. It was but two stories high, with the exception of some rooms in the roof, bed-chambers of the domestics. Hand-some grounds were around it to some extent, but intersected by so many trees, except just close to the house, as to impart a weird-like, gloomy appearance; they completely shut Chandos House from the view of the world beyond, and the beyond world from the view of Chandos. The carriage had barely stopped, when a gentleman, followed by a groom, came galloping up on horseback; he threw himself from his horse, and hastened to the carriage door.

"Back just in time to receive you, Emily. How are you, my dear?"

She jumped lightly from the carriage, and he was turning away with her when he saw me. His look of intense surprise was curious to behold, and he stopped in hesitation. Emily spoke; her tone a slighting one, almost disparaging.

"It's only my companion. Would you believe it, Harry, Alfred took a prudent fit, and would not suffer me to travel alone. So I engaged Miss Hereford; she was in quest of a situation, and we knew each other in days gone by."

He assisted me from the carriage. It was the same fine man I had seen some years before at Mademoiselle Barlieu's; the same pale countenance, with its sad expression; the same sweet voice. He then gave his arm to his sister, and I followed them to the sitting-room. They called it the oak parlor; a large, square room, somewhat dark, its colors harmoniously blending, and its windows shaded with trained clematis and jessamine. It was the favorite sitting-room at Chandos; other reception-rooms there were; a gorgeous drawing-room, a well-stored library, a spacious dining-room; but the oak parlor was the favorite, and none could wonder at it, for it was just one of those seductive apartments that speak to the feelings of repose.

"Where's mamma?" exclaimed Emily, as we entered.

"Not far; she will be here directly, you may be sure," he replied. "Is this your first

visit to our part of the country, Miss Hereford?"

"Yes. I never was here before."
Now what was there in this reply to offend Madame de Mellissie? She turned round, haughty pride stamped on every line of her countenance, rebuke on her tongue; though the rebuke lay in the zone, rather than in the words.

"Miss Hereford! the gentleman to whom you speak is Mr. Chandos."

Had I again omitted the sign of my dependent situation, the "sir?" I, who had resolved, with my burning face (burning again now), never so to offend for the future. I supposed that that was the meaning of Madame de Mellissie; I suppose so still, to this hour. I had spoken as though I were the equal of Mr. Chandos; I must not—I would not—so offend again.

"Emily, my love, you are welcome."

A little woman had entered the room, and was holding Madame de Mellissie in her arms. It was Lady Chandos. She wore a widow's cap, a rich but soft black silk dress, and black lace mittens. Her nose was sharp, and her small face had a permanent redness, the result of disturbed health. She was not like her daughter, not half so beautiful; and she was not like her handsome son, unless it was in the subdued, sad expression. She quite started back when her eyes fell on me, evidently not prepared to see a stranger.

"Miss Hereford, mamma: a young lady whom I have engaged as companion. Alfred would not let me come alone."

Lady Chandos turned to me with a pleasant smile, though (or I fancied it) there was a moment's hesitation before she did so.

"I think you look more fit to take charge of Miss Hereford, Emily, than Miss Hereford of you," she said.

"I am the elder of the two, by some three years, if you mean that, mamma. Oh, it was just a whim of Alfred's."

I went up stairs to the room allotted me; it was on the first floor, as the rest of the bed-chambers were, the library being the only sitting-room. In the right hand wing were the apartments of Lady Chandos; in fact no person occupied rooms in that wing but herself and her maid—Hill, whom you may recollect. Hill was at Chandos still, Lady's maid and housekeeper; a confidential servant. It seemed to me that these wings had some time been added to the house, for they were quite shut out apart from it. A green baize door, then a narrow corridor, and then another door took you to the wing—the same on both sides. These wings had each a staircase communicating their upper and lower floors, also an egress to the grounds by a small door on the ground floor; this door in the east wing had been closed up; but in the west wing, the one inhabited by Lady Chandos, it was open, though no one ever made use of but herself, and she very rarely.

My room was next to the library. I was standing at the open window, looking out, when voices near, from another open window, (I supposed the library), struck upon my ear. They were those of Lady and Mr. Chandos.

"This is just one of Emily's wild tricks," the former said. "She knows quite enough of our unhappy secrets to be sure that a stranger is not wanted at Chandos. And yet she brings one!"

"Look for the most improbable thing in the world, mother, before you look for discretion or thought in Emily," was the reply of Mr. Chandos. "But this is but a young girl, unsuspicious naturally, from her age and sex; Emily might have introduced one more dangerous. And it may happen, mother, that—"

"I know what you would urge, Harry; but there's no certainty. There cannot be, and it is most unfortunate that Emily should have brought her here. Every night, night by night as they come round, I lie awake shivering; if the wind does but move the trees, I start; if an owl shrieks forth its dreary note, I almost shriek with it. And, for a stranger to be sleeping in the house! Harry, I have never, I hope, done a discourteous thing, but it did occur to me to put this young girl to sleep on the upper story. I saved her being so lady-like in appearance, I saved her from it, not my good manners. I wish now I had done it. Is it too late? Would it do to change her room?"

There was a pause, and then Mr. Chandos's voice rose again, his tone one of indignation.

"You are the best judge, mother; but it appears to me that a lady would consider it in the light of an indignity. You see, those upper rooms are only reached by the back staircase; and, to gain that staircase, she must go past the kitchen and other domestic apartments. If this staircase conducted to them, it would be different."

"True. But don't forget, Harry, that if this staircase led to them, we could no longer ensure privacy at night in these rooms and the wings. I cannot think how Emily can have been so senseless! when she knows that

not a stranger has been admitted to sleep in this house since—since that dreadful time. Except her husband; and I am sure I trembled every night they stayed here, all the six weeks, and was thankful when they were gone again; at least, when he was."

"Nothing happened then, mother. Nothing, let us hope, will happen now."
"Harry, we cannot answer for it. And there's another thing—on Emily's account a stranger is not desirable. Emily might have thought of that."

The voices ceased, leaving me not over comfortable. But I could do nothing to remedy it—to remedy either their evident embarrassment (whatever may have been its cause and nature) or my own. I wondered whether my room would be changed.

It was not. We dined together, spent a pleasant evening, and then I retired to rest, to this chamber next the library. I wondered what the mystery could be; I marvelled whether I should be disturbed in my sleep. What unseemly or uncanny doings could there be in the house, rendering it inexpedient that a stranger should be its inmate?—was it haunted by ghosts? or by something worse? At any rate, they did not molest me, and my sleep was tranquil.

Some letters were brought in the following morning while we were at breakfast. Mr. Chandos took them off the waiter, which the man held out. I was seated next him, and saw the addresses as he looked them over. One was for "Lady Chandos," the two for "Harry Chandos, Esquire," the fourth for "Mrs. Chandos."

"None for me?" pouted Emily.
"No," he answered, as he passed his mother's to her; and, motioning to the servant to raise his salver again, he placed the other one on it.

"For Mrs. Chandos."
The servant carried the letter from the room, and I wondered who could be "Mrs. Chandos." They read their letters, Emily talked and laughed, and the meal came to an end. At its conclusion Mr. Chandos offered to go round the grounds with his sister.

"Yes, I'll go," she answered. "You can also, Miss Hereford, if you like. But we must get our bonnets and parasols first, Harry."

My bonnet and parasol were soon got, and I stood at my bed-room door, waiting for Emily. As she came out of her chamber, the green baize door, leading to the east wing, opened, and a middle-aged lady appeared at it. Madame de Mellissie advanced and cordially saluted her.

"I should have paid you a visit yesterday, Mrs. Freeman, but that I heard Mrs. Chandos was ill."

"You are very kind, madam," was the lady's reply. "Mrs. Chandos was exceedingly unwell yesterday, but she is better to-day. She—"

Mrs. Freeman was interrupted. A lovely looking girl—girl she looked, though she may have been six or seven-and-twenty—appeared at the door of one of the rooms in the wing. Her dress was white, trimmed with lavender ribbons, and she came forward eagerly, smiling.

"I heard you had come, Emily, dear, and should have joined you all yesterday, but I was so poorly," she said, clasping Madame de Mellissie's hand. "How well you look!"

"And you look well also," replied Emily. "We must never judge you by your looks, Mrs. Chandos."

"No, that you must not. I always look in rude health, in spite of my ailments," laughed Mrs. Chandos. "Will you not come and sit with me for half an hour?"

"Of course I will," was Madame de Mellissie's reply, as she untied her bonnet and threw it to me carelessly, speaking as careless words.

"Have the goodness to tell Mr. Chandos that I am not going out yet," Mr. Chandos, who had not noticed me before, turned round in surprise, and looked at me; but Madame de Mellissie did not, I suppose, deem me worth an introduction.

I went down stairs to deliver her message. Mr. Chandos was waiting in the oak parlor, talking to his mother.

"Madame de Mellissie has desired me to say that she will not go out yet, sir."

"I did not expect she would," he answered with a laugh, "for she is changeable as the wind. Tell her so from me, will you, Miss Hereford?"

"Very well, sir."

I returned to my own room, took off my things, and sat down to think.
Who was Mrs. Chandos?

of Mrs. Chandos; she did not appear at dinner or in the evening; which set me wondering whether she lived alone, shut up in that wing. Mr. Chandos dined out, and returned but just as we were retiring to rest.

We assembled at breakfast the next morning, as on the previous one, four of us, not Mrs. Chandos. It did puzzle me very much to know who she could be; the most probable supposition was, that she was a daughter-in-law of the house, wife of one of the sons.

"How many brothers have you?" I had inquired of Emily, when musing over this.

"Two," she answered. "Harry, and my eldest brother, Tom."

"Have you lost any?"

"Any brothers? A little one; Greville. He died when he was six years old. Why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering who Mrs. Chandos was."

She turned on me a haughty face of reproach.

"It certainly is no affair of yours, Miss Hereford. Mrs. Chandos is Mrs. Chandos; she is no impostor."

"I beg your pardon, madam," I meekly answered, feeling I had deserved it. What right had I, Anne Hereford, to be curious, and to show it?

This had been the previous day, and we met, I say, at breakfast. The letters were brought in: only two; one for Mr. Chandos, one for Madame Alfred de Mellissie.

"I thought he would be writing," she exclaimed in a tone of apathy, as she stretched out her hand for the letter. "Though I know he hates it like poison, Frenchman like."

"It is not your husband's hand, Emily," said Mr. Chandos.

"No? Why—I declare it is old Madame de Mellissie's! What can be amiss?" she uttered as she tore open the letter.

"There! was ever anything like that?" she continued. "Alfred's taken ill; his fancied gastric fever has turned into a real one. And I must go back without delay," she says.

"Is he very ill?" inquired Lady Chandos.

"So she says. In danger. But the old lady is timid and fanciful. Mamma, must I go?"

"You are the best judge, Emily," replied Lady Chandos in a grave tone. "If you will allow me to see the letter, I could better advise you, possibly."

"See it and welcome; read it out for the public benefit, if you will. Look at Harry, staring at me with all his eyes; deeming me no doubt the very model of a loving wife."

"Emily! can you have read this letter?" sharply interrupted Lady Chandos. "If so, how can you hesitate? Your husband is in danger; he may not survive; he will not, unless a change takes place. You must hasten away by the first train."

"Mamma, you need not take the half of it for gospel. Madame de Mellissie is so wrapt up in her charming son that if his finger aches she sends for a doctor, fearing it may mortify."

"Child! I must recommend you to go."

"Of course I shall go, I never meant to hesitate," was the peevish answer. "But it is excessively tiresome."

She hastened from the breakfast table when the meal was over, and Mr. Chandos went with her into the hall, speaking of the time and arrangements for departure. I was following.

"You need not come, Anne. I do not want you just now," she said.

"But I have my own things to pack."

"Your own things? What for? I am not going to take you."

"What was I to do? I could not say 'You shall take me,' but, after the conversation I had heard between Mr. and Lady Chandos, the idea of remaining behind was not pleasant."

"I shall not be away more than a few days," she added. "You and mamma can let her stay for that time, can't you, Harry?"

"Provided Miss Hereford will make herself at home with us, which I do not fancy she has yet done," was his reply, looking at me with a smile.

"Oh, she is one who always gives you the notion of being shy," carelessly returned Emily.

And no more was said then. Whether any remonstrance was made on the part of Lady Chandos, I cannot tell. I hinted to Emily, when we were alone, that my staying might not be agreeable to Chandos House; her reply was, that they must make it agreeable, for there was no accommodation for me at old Madame de Mellissie's. And by midday she was gone, Pauline attending her, and Mr. Chandos accompanying her to the station.

What was I to do with myself? Put on my things and go out? As I came down with them on, and was crossing the hall, Lady Chandos met me.

"Going abroad, Miss Hereford?"

"If you have no objection, madam. But I was only going because I felt at a loss for something to occupy myself with. Perhaps

you can give me something to do, Lady Chandos?"

"I cannot aid you, I believe. It is a pity Madame de Mellissie should have left you here, for I fear you will find it dull; but I suppose there was no help for it. You will meet with many pleasant walks in the neighborhood. There is one particularly so, to the left, as you leave the gates, exceedingly rural and quiet."

I found the walk she spoke of, and stayed out for nearly two hours. Not a single house, but one, did I pass: I found afterwards that what houses there were in the neighborhood lay to the right. This one house stood in view of the entrance gates; a substantial, moderate-sized house, closed at present, and displaying a board "To Let." I had half a mind to open its front gate and explore the garden, but I had been out long enough, and turned to Chandos.

I was not to get home without an adventure. In passing through the small iron gate, by the side of the large one, an awfully fierce and large dog sprang forward, savagely barking. He very sure I flew back, and shut the gate between us; why he did not leap over the gate, I don't know; he stood there barking, and rattling part of a chain that was attached to his collar.

Now I make no hesitation in confessing that I am afraid of dogs; of a dog which appears fierce, terribly afraid. It may arise from my never having been brought into contact with them, or it may arise from innate dislike and dread. I covered there in an agony of fear, not daring to run away, lest the angry animal should leap the gate and spring upon me.

Footsteps came, and I looked round. It was Mr. Chandos. He saw what was the matter, and seemed to make but one bound to the gate.

"Stay there, Miss Hereford."

He passed through it himself, and confronted the dog; the dog confronted him, barking still.

"Nero!"

The voice allayed the angry passions, and the dog stepped up. Mr. Chandos seized the end of the chain.

"You and I must have a settling for this, Nero. Will you come here, Miss Hereford, and I will teach him to know you, so that he does not alarm you again, should he get loose. He must have broken his chain."

"Oh, sir, pray don't make me come near him!"

Mr. Chandos turned his face quickly towards me.

"Are you afraid of dogs?"

"Very much, sir. I don't think anything could overcome my fear of them."

Up came one of the grooms at this moment, running in search of the dog. What passed exactly I cannot tell; I was too agitated. Mr. Chandos spoke sharply to him, and the man answered, in a tone of deprecation, that it was no fault of his; that the dog sometimes, in his fits of effort to get loose, was as a "horn devil," and in one of those fits had, a quarter of an hour before, snapped his chain, and burst through the stable window.

"He has run the fit off, then," said Mr. Chandos, "for he is quiet enough now. Take him back, and mind you secure him fast."

The man took the chain in his hand, and went off, leading the dog. Mr. Chandos came through the gate again. I was leaning against the iron rails then, wiping the perspiration from my face; I could feel its ashy paleness.

"My poor child!" he uttered. "It has indeed frightened you. Do you feel faint?"

"I shall not faint, sir. I never fainted in my life."

He helped me through the gate, and then, placing my hand within his arm, walked on. Underneath the thick cypress trees, we came to a bench—many such benches were about the grounds—and Mr. Chandos made me sit down, and seated himself beside me.

"You will be all the better for resting here before walking in. How did it happen?—Where did you and Mr. Nero encounter each other?"

"I had been out walking, sir. Lady Chandos told me of a pretty walk there, so to the left outside the gates. In coming back, I was just inside the gate, when the dog came up, leaping and barking."

"And you were frightened?"

"Very much frightened! Had I not occasion, sir? One moment later and he might have torn me to pieces."

"It is my dog," he resumed, "and I am exceedingly sorry he should have given you the alarm. Will you return good for evil?"

"Good for evil? In what manner, sir?" I asked.

"By not mentioning this to my mother," he replied. "She has a great dislike to dogs being on the premises, and when a friend, who was then dying, gave me this dog some months back, she would only consent to its coming here on condition that it should be kept tied up. It is a valuable dog, though fierce on occasions, the confinement to which

is condemned making it more fierce. I will take care it does not break bounds again, and I would prefer that my mother should not know of this."

"I will not tell her, sir. I suppose Lady Chandos dislikes dogs as much as I do."

"She does not dislike dogs; she rather likes them. But she objects—at least she has objected lately—to have dogs loose about the premises."

"She fears their going mad, perhaps."

Mr. Chandos laughed.

"No, she does not fear that. How long have you known my sister?" he resumed, rapidly changing the subject.

"I knew her a little at Mademoiselle Barlieu's. I entered the school just before she left."

"Then you must have known—have known—the circumstances under which she quitted it?"

He had begun the sentence rapidly, as if impelled to it by impulse, but after the hesitation, continued it more slowly.

"Yes, sir. They could not be concealed from the school."

"A mad act—a mad act!" he murmured; "and—if I may read signs—heartily repented of. It was an exemplification of the old saying, Miss Hereford, 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.' Poor Emily has leisure enough for it before her. I went over at the time to Mademoiselle Barlieu's."

"Yes, sir, I saw you. I saw you coming down with Mademoiselle Annette from Mademoiselle Barlieu's chamber, and I hid myself in a niche of the hall while you passed. I knew you again as soon as I met you here."

"You must have a good memory for faces, then," he laughed, "to have recollected me after so passing a sight."

"I think a circumstance made me recollect you. It was, that your face struck upon me at Mademoiselle Barlieu's as being familiar to my memory; I felt sure that if I had not seen you before, I had seen some one very like you."

He turned round and looked at me a full minute ere he spoke.

"Like whom, Miss Hereford?"

"I cannot tell, sir. I wish I could tell!—The resemblance haunts me still."

Mr. Chandos was about to reply, when a gentleman advanced from the direction of the road. He was a stout man, carrying a roll of paper or parchment, and was wiping his brows, his hat off.

"You look warm, Dexter. How are you?"

"It's a close day for autumn, and I walked over," was the response of the new comer.

"I'm glad to catch you at home, Mr. Chandos. I have had an offer for this house."

"Which house?" repeated Mr. Chandos, making room for him to sit down. "I have been turning myself into a knight errant, Dexter, delivering a lady from the fangs of a ferocious dog."

Mr. Dexter looked as if he did not know whether to take the words in jest or earnest.

"That dog of mine got loose. He appears to have been appropriately named, Nero; he terrified this young lady nearly out of her life. I really do not know but he would have attacked her, had I not come home at the very moment. She is sitting here to gain breath and courage. About the house?"

"I speak of this house by your gates, sir," resumed Mr. Dexter, after giving me a polite nod. "Haines came over to me this morning, saying a gentleman wished to take it, and required to enter immediately."

"What gentleman? Who is he?"

"Nobody in this neighborhood, sir, a stranger. He spoke of a Mr. Freshfield, but was not clear upon the point whether it was for Mr. Freshfield himself, or for a friend of Mr. Freshfield's. It's all perfectly right, Haines says, he will be answerable for that; rent as safe as if it were paid beforehand."

"Well, I shall be glad to let the house," returned Mr. Chandos. "You need not rise, Miss Hereford, we are not discussing secrets. It has been empty these nine months, you know, Dexter, and empty houses bring no good to themselves."

"Very true, sir. I had an offer for it some days back, but did not trouble you with it, for I knew you would not have accepted the tenant. It was that Major Mann and his lot," added Mr. Dexter, dropping his voice.

"Oh," shortly replied Mr. Chandos, his lip curling. "I should be sorry to have him in view of my gates."

"I was sure of that. He was pressing over it, too; seemed to have taken a fancy for the place. I put him off as civilly as I could; it's no use to make enemies of people where it can be helped. My Lady Chandos will only let it to a quiet tenant," I told him. "Wants a Derby and Joan, perhaps," said he, turning up his nose. "Something of that sort, major," I answered; and so the thing dropped through. Haines assures me the present applicant is most respectable; all that could be desired."

"Very well, Dexter, I give you power to treat. You know who would be acceptable and who not, just as well as I do."

"Haines wants the bargain concluded to-day," said Mr. Dexter, rising. "He has orders to furnish at once."

"Is he going to furnish?"

"As it appears. I should fancy it may be for somebody just come from abroad. There's plenty of money, Haines says. I had better put a man on to the garden at once, had I not?"

"Yes, do that: it wants looking to. And don't have those complaints about the locks; like we had, you remember, when the last house on the estate was let. Let them be examined throughout the rooms."

"I'm off, then," said Mr. Dexter. "Good-day, sir. My respects to my lady. Good-day, ma'am."

"Good-day," I answered.

"Possessions bring trouble, Miss Hereford," cried Mr. Chandos, as Mr. Dexter moved away. "There are several houses on this estate, and they are almost as much plague as profit. One tenant finds fault and grumbles; another must have this, that and the other done; a third runs away, leaving no rent behind him, and his premises dilapidated. Our last agent was not a desirable one; accepted tenants who had no business to be accepted; he died some months back, and a pretty game we found he had been carrying on grinding them down, and cheating us. Dexter, recently appointed, appears to be a keen man of business, and straightforward; that is, as agents go: they are none of the best honest."

"I think I should let the houses for my self, sir, on my own estate, and not employ an agent."

"Do you mean that as a piece of advice to me, Miss Hereford?" he returned, smiling.

"What I might do on my own estate, I cannot answer for; but this one is not mine. It belongs to my brother, Sir Thomas Chandos. The mistress of it, for the time being, is my mother, but I take the trouble of her hands. Why! here's Dexter, coming back again!"

"It is not often I go away and leave half my errand undone, though I have this time," he called out as he came up, and extended the roll of paper he held. "This is the plan of the proposed alteration in the stables at the farm, sir, which you wished to look over. Shall I carry it to the house?"

"By no means. I'll carry it myself if you will give it me," replied Mr. Chandos. And the agent finally departed.

"Are you sufficiently rested, Miss Hereford?"

"My answer was to rise and proceed towards the house. Mr. Chandos, walking by my side, seemed absorbed in the roll, which he had partially opened. Lady Chandos came forward as we were entering.

"What is this—about the dog attacking Miss Hereford?" she exclaimed.

"The words so look to me, after the wish expressed by Mr. Chandos, and the promise I had given him, that I remained like a stupid mule. He answered—

"Nero got loose, mother. Miss Hereford was in the act of entering the gate—or had just entered, was it not, Miss Hereford?—and he, like a castle's zealous watch dog, prevented her advancing further."

"Did he touch you, Miss Hereford?" Lady Chandos asked, turning to me.

"He was not quick enough, madam: I ran back beyond the gate. My fear was that he would leap over, but he did not. Perhaps it was too high."

"But he would have attacked you had you not gone back?"

"I think he would. He seemed very savage."

"Harry, this is just what I have feared," Lady Chandos observed to her son, in a peculiarly significant tone. "A fierce, powerful dog like that is liable to break his chain and get loose; and then, should it happen that any stranger is on the premises, he might kill them or maim them. You know why I have feared this."

"The stables are safely closed at night, mother," was the somewhat curious sounding reply of Mr. Chandos.

"Robin says the dog sprang through the window; dashed through the glass. There can be no security against that, day or night."

"My opinion is, that some of the men must have been teasing him, and so worked him into a fury. I shall inquire into it, and if I find it to be the fact, whoever it may have been shall go. Better precaution shall be observed for the future."

"Yes," said Lady Chandos, in a decisive tone, "and that precaution must be the sending away of the dog."

"But really, mother, there is no necessity. He will not."

"Harry, I am surprised at you. You know why I urge it, why I ought to urge it."

"The conversation did not make me feel very comfortable, and I interrupted it."

"I do beg that no change may be made on my account, Lady Chandos. No harm is done. I am not hurt."

"It is not on your account I am speaking, Miss Hereford. And—as you are not hurt—I am pleased that the thing has happened, because it must prove to Mr. Chandos the necessity of sending away the dog. He could not see it previously."

"I should see it equally with you, mother, were the dog to be insecurely fastened. But if we make him secure—"

"You deemed him secure now," she interrupted. "I will not risk it. Good heavens, Harry, you have forgotten the stake!"

"What stake? I thought, as I went up to my room. Certainly the words savored of mystery."

"Oh—I beg your pardon," she coldly said. And then I saw that she had a white kitten in her arms. I went into my room, but did not close the door, and in a minute I heard the approach of Mrs. Freeman.

"Did you ever know anything so tiresome?" exclaimed Mrs. Chandos to her. "It is raining fast. I'm sure it is not once in a month, hardly, that I make up my mind to walk in the grounds, but, so sure as I do, I am prevented. It rains, or it snows, or it's too hot, or there's thunder in the air; it comes on purpose, I know."

"Perhaps it will not be much," replied Mrs. Freeman, who, by the sound of her voice, appeared to be also now looking out at the window.

"It will look at those clouds, gathering fast into one thick mass. Ugh! as I said, with a shiver, 'I don't like to hear the dripping of the rain in the trees: it puts me in mind of—'

"Of what, my dear?" asked Mrs. Freeman.

"Of the night I first heard those awful tidings. It was raining then, a steady, soaking rain, and I had been listening to its falling on the leaves till the monotony of the sound worried me, and I began wishing he was at home. Not on these trees, you know, we were at the other place. Drop, drop, drop, like the rain never sounds but where there are trees for it to fall on. The opening of the room door interrupted me, and my lady came in. Ah! I shall never forget her; her face was white, her eyes were starting, her hands were lifted; I saw there was something dreadful to be told. She sat down, and, drawing me to her, said—

"Hush—hush!" interposed Mrs. Freeman, with sharp caution. "You may be speaking for other ears than mine."

"I was not going to allude to facts. My lady asked me if I could bear trouble; fiery trouble, such as had rarely fallen on any in my station of life before; and my answer was to fall into a fainting fit at her feet. Never, since then, have I liked to hear the rain pattering down on the leaves where the trees are thick."

"I would have shut my door, but feared it might look ungainly to do so. They had eyes, and could see that it was open, did they please to look; therefore they might choose their subject accordingly. Mrs. Chandos resumed.

"Who is that young lady? She came up the stairs, and I spoke without looking round, thinking it was you."

"I don't know who. A Miss Hereford. She came here with Madame de Melissio."

"But she is a stranger to Lady Chandos?"

"Entirely so."

"Then why does Lady Chandos permit her to be here? Is it well, in this house of misfortune? Is it prudent?"

"Scarcely so. Of course Lady Chandos can only hope—How you are squeezing that kitten, my dear!"

"Pretty little thing! It likes to be squeezed," responded Mrs. Chandos. "It is hiding itself from you, from that ugly bonnet. You do wear such frightful bonnets! as bad as the weeds of Lady Chandos."

"I do not think weeds ugly," was the reply of Mrs. Freeman. "To some faces they are particularly becoming."

"They are so ugly, so disfiguring, that I hope it will be long before I am called upon to wear them," returned Mrs. Chandos, speaking impulsively. "Were my husband to die—but oh! I think I dwell upon trifles, when these shuddering griefs are over me, over the house."

"Suppose you walk about the corridor, my dear? I see no chance of the rain's leaving off."

"No, I'll go back and take my things off, and play with pussy. Poor pussy wanted a walk in the grounds as much as I did. Oh!—with a shriek—"It's gone!"

"For the kitten, allured perhaps by the attraction of a promenade in the grounds, had leaped from the arms of Mrs. Chandos on to a shrub below. The shriek brought out Mr. Chandos from the house; he looked up.

"My kitten, Harry," she said. "It has flown away from me. Get it, will you; but I am sorry to give you the trouble."

"Mr. Chandos took the kitten from the bush and once more looked up, at my window as well as at theirs."

"Who will come for it? Will you, Miss Hereford?—and oblige my—oblige Mrs. Chandos."

"Oblige me—what? Was he going to say 'sister-in-law,' when he suddenly stopped himself? But, if so, why should he have stopped himself? And how could she be his sister-in-law? Were she the wife of Sir Thomas she would be Lady Chandos; and Emily had said her brother Thomas was not married. She had said she had but two brothers, Thomas and Harry; who, then, was this young Mrs. Chandos? That she had a husband living was apparent, from the conversation I had just heard; and I had imagined all along that she must be the daughter-in-law of Lady Chandos."

"These thoughts passed through my head as I ran down for the kitten. Mr. Chandos handed it to me, and turned away, for he was called to by some one at a distance. At the same moment the kitten was taken from my hands. It was by Mrs. Freeman, who had also come down."

"I hope it is not hurt, poor thing," she said, looking at it. "It seems lively enough."

"Mr. Chandos said it was not hurt, when he gave it to me."

"Oh that's right. Had it been hurt Mrs. Chandos would have grieved over it. She is fond of this kitten; and she has so few pleasures, poor child."

"Who is Mrs. Chandos?" I asked, in a low tone.

"Madam" returned Mrs. Freeman.

"The tone, cold, haughty, reserved, struck upon me as conveying the keenest reproach for my unjustifiable curiosity, unjustifiable so far as that I had betrayed it. I hardly

faltered forth the question again—for she stood looking at me and waiting.

"Who is Mrs. Chandos?"

"Mrs. Chandos" was the answer, "who should she be? She is Mrs. Chandos."

That same night I saw the dog Nero being taken away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOST QUEEN CONSORT.

In old, and not well-regulated times, when Kings raised ladies to the rank of peeresses, the peerage suffered by the indignity, from which condition, however, it recovered, in the persons of those ladies' descendants. In these latter days, the Crown sometimes acknowledges the services rendered by men who have perished in the rendering, by making peeresses of their widows. There is only one modern instance of a Sovereign raising an unmarried lady to a place in the peerage of pure gallantry, and with attendant increase of respect and honor both to the recorder and the recipient. It is now many years since the bachelor Duke of Clarence wooed Miss Wykeham of Swalcliffe, and made offer of his princely hand to that fair and richly-dowered heiress. The lady declined the peculiar greatness thus proffered to her, but the Duke never ceased to pay her the homage of his respect, nor his Duchess subsequently that of her esteem. When the former ascended the throne, he did not forget the lady to whom he had paid his suit in years gone by. That old suit had been refused, but William IV. came now with a coronet in his hand, and entreated acceptance only of the first—all he had to offer—in testimony of the regard which her conduct had inspired in him. To this request, so graciously enforced, the lady could not gracefully say "No." Since 1834, the name and title of Baroness Wenman have honored the rich and varied registry of the House of Lords, and have served to prove that the age of chivalric feeling has not expired with the formalities of chivalry.

In the historical collection at the Palace at Berlin there are two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties at the siege of Magdeburg, and to have met together in the air.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to *THE POST*, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of *THE POST* to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

OUR ENGLISH DISAPPOINTMENT.

The *London Times*, of June 14th, contains an amusing, half satirical article, representing the loyal people of the United States in the aspect of an individual who, having a quarrel on hand, is not only surprised but deeply grieved to find that his friends and acquaintances take no interest in his alleged injuries, and simply vote him a bore for bothering them with a recital of his wrongs. It says:

The partisans of the Federal Government in the United States are just now suffering one of the bitterest, and yet one of the commonest of all human trials. With the keenest sense of injustice, the most loyal resentment of a manifest wrong, and the most honest consciousness of integrity, they see all the world regarding the rebellion simply as a quarrel. Neither England nor France nor any other State goes into the rights of the question, or supposes there to be any rights or any wrongs in the matter. It seems a civil war; it knows there are armies in the field, that forts have been attacked and taken, and that blood has been shed; and it concludes this to be war, without inquiring into the causes or the conduct of the immediate authors. The quarrel is a noisy and obvious fact, which we are obliged to recognize; and which is, indeed, very much in our way. As to the causes and provocations, they do not obtrude themselves so forcibly on our senses as to compel a judgment upon them. So our Government takes notice that there is a civil war in the United States, blockading, privateering, and all the rest of it, and gives notice that it means to take no part in the war, and offers no encouragement to British subjects to take part in it. If they do, it is at their peril, and they will have to take care of themselves. All this is intensely disagreeable to the zealous citizens of the Northern States, who think Heaven and earth bound to avenge their cause. Never was there such a case of ill-treatment; never was confidence so abused; never was goodness so ill-requited; but the stupid world takes the affair in the gross, and calls it simply a civil war. Great is the indignation of the Northerners at the promptitude with which Lord John Russell has pledged us to a perfect neutrality, and recognized the Southerners as actual belligerents. Belligerents! There is no word too hard for them in the Northern vocabulary. North of the Potomac they are "rebels," "traitors," "Scoundrels," "blackguards," "conspirators," and everything that is bad. England describes

them by the term it would apply to an independent nation defending its territory from invasion—belligerents. The American Congress and writers admit that we must have come to this at last, and that the same policy which obliges the States themselves to accord to the rebels in arms equal rights of war does even more cogently oblige us to regard them as "belligerents." But they cannot bear to see this done, and done so readily, and in such a cold blooded manner, as if there were really no right or wrong in the question.

It must be admitted to be very provoking, but it is the way of the world, and there is no help for it. The world has not leisure, or authority, or even the power, to entertain the question of right; and it can only take a rough, external view of the actual disturbance.

As a nation, we have had to go through this trial several times. When the Canadians rebelled, the Americans looked on it simply as the quarrel of a harsh father with a froward son, rather too like himself, and they bestowed their sympathy more on the younger than the elder. So, too, did they regard the Repeal agitation; so, too, the Indian Mutiny. Both they set down as the natural reaction of independent natures against legal oppression and social contempt. No story of outrages made any difference. It was our duty to satisfy our dependents, and make them more interested in peace and union than in war and revolt.

"Here is the old tyrannical Mother Country again," they exclaimed, "always driving her subjects to rebellion, and then grimacing as if she were the most ill-used of mortals." Certainly we never got any sympathy, and when the result seemed to show that the right was on our side—for we brought things round again—the Americans were the last to congratulate us on the triumph of right. We had to do all the work, bear all the odium, and supply all the consolation to ourselves. They saw nothing in the matter but a domestic wrangle, very disgraceful to both parties concerned, and were glad, for the peace of the world and their own comfort, when the disturbance was over.

In point of fact, the British public has given much more of its sympathy to the Federal cause than the States ever gave to the cause of British sovereignty and union in any of its trials. We were all most ready to treat the Secession as a gratuitous breach of the peace, brought about by a treacherous conspiracy; but the British Government had to consider what to do, and the matter pressed for an immediate decision.

We think *The Times* is not quite correct in its facts. There was a great deal of sympathy for England expressed by the press of this country during the India revolt. And yet that revolt was not an unnatural one, considering the oppressive manner in which India has been treated. England's sway over India is not one that even English moralists can strongly defend. The eloquent speeches of Burke and Sheridan against Warren Hastings are not altogether unknown on this side of the Atlantic. In fact England's treatment of the East Indians, is not very widely different from our treatment of the African and Indian races; and, in case of an outbreak of either of the latter in this country, we should not expect our English friends to cry their eyes out over our trouble. But our government did not recognize the East India Rebels as "belligerents," and issue a proclamation proclaiming our perfect neutrality between the contending parties. If we had done so, we question whether it would have been regarded as an evidence of kindly feeling by the English people.

And so with Canada. Our position and revolutionary traditions naturally made a large portion of our people sympathize with the rebellious Canadians; but the government of the United States did not hasten to proclaim its perfect neutrality, and that it should recognize the Canadians as "belligerents."

In both of these cases, England got quite as much sympathy as she deserved—probably more than she deserved, her own moralists being the judges. We did examine into the right and wrong of these questions—as all nations are accustomed to do with matters that seriously trouble their neighbors, in spite of what *The Times* says to the contrary—and Englishmen themselves know well that their right both to India and Canada is, in the main, the right of the sword.

We take issue therefore with the *Times* on both points—it is not a fact that nations do not go into the question of right where a great civil war is raging—and we have not acted in the same cold-blooded manner towards the English Government as it has acted towards us.

As to armed assistance from England or from France—the United States do not ask it, would not accept it. If we are not able of ourselves to maintain the Union, it is time the Union should fall to pieces.

England doubtless will come out all right on the American question in the end—but she has lost the favorable moment, by taking advantage of which she might have bound us to her for centuries. The reception of the Prince of Wales in these Northern States, marked the total extinction of the old fires of discord—new ideas and new men had come into power, and recognized the English people as their nearest friend. We were prepared to say, "let bygones be bygones," and let England and America, the two freest nations of the world, speaking the same great language, having the same glorious literature, henceforth go hand in hand through the ages. Had England but cast to the winds all thoughts of trade and business, and been true to her own highest principles of action, she would have done the best month's work, even so far as her own interests were concerned, that she ever did in her life. But we suppose it was not to be. Perhaps such a close alliance as that would have brought about, would have been in the way of the destiny which Providence has in store for both parties. Probably it is well that our ancient policy of total political severance from European affairs should be adhered to, as the wisest not only for ourselves but for mankind. Be it so or not, that old policy is now in little danger of being departed from. We shall owe Europe nothing—and we shall stand neutral in all her future political complications, as in the past. Doubtless it is for the best; for, of all countries, has not this the greatest reason to say,

"There is a destiny which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

THE WAR.

Little visible progress has been made during the past week. The strengthening of the Union forces at Washington, however, steadily continues. And we suppose this is done with a purpose.

The *New York Tribune* has opened a heavy fire on the Administration, or on a portion of it, asserting that the present delay in moving on towards Richmond is the result more of political than of military reasons. Its Washington correspondent repeats the charge that emissaries of Jeff. Davis have attempted to negotiate with the Administration, and almost gives the lie, in so many words, to "Mr. Seward's denial" that such is the fact.

Owing to these persistent charges, and to occasional allusions to Congressional and other attempts to compromise a difficulty which, in its very nature, is not susceptible of compromise, an uneasy feeling is becoming slightly apparent in the public mind, and fears are felt to some extent that the military authorities are not using the imposing forces in their hands, in the most vigorous and energetic manner.

The general sentiment, however, still continues to be one of strong confidence in President Lincoln and Gen. Scott. The people know that it takes time to perfect extensive plans, and they have entire faith in the honesty and ability both of the President and the great Commander under him.

It is suggested by some that no important movement will now be made, until Congress, by sanctioning all that has heretofore been done, has given the authority of the representatives of the people to the large military preparations. It is suggested by others, that the approaching expiration of the term of enlistment of the three months' volunteers, interferes somewhat with a great forward movement. There may be weight in both these suggestions.

The President's Message will probably take ground against any cessation of military efforts, until the authority of the Government is again acknowledged in every portion of the Republic. There is little need, however, of speculating upon what the Message will say, as by another week the whole country will doubtless be acquainted with its contents.

At Fortress Monroe, at Washington and Alexandria, at Polesville and Williamsport, at Cumberland, in Western Virginia, and at Cairo, the command seems to be, "in place, rest." Unimportant skirmishes, attended with more or less loss of life, are daily taking place, but these have very little bearing on the ultimate result. In Missouri alone, does there seem to be activity. Gen. Lyon is showing himself a very energetic and capable commander, Union Home Guards are continually being formed, Governor Jackson seems to be a fugitive, and the Union men appear to have control of three-fourths of the State, with a very good chance for the remainder.

Another week, and the inactivity in other places may be changed. Along the whole line may ring the sharp order to advance—and the battle may be waged, with various results, from that grim fortress which menaces Richmond on the East, to Cairo on the Mississippi. Greatly should we lament the inevitable loss and carnage, were it possible to see a prospect of firm and enduring peace in any other direction than straight through the lightnings and thunders of this war.

AN AMUSING AMENDMENT.

We learn from Richmond—by way of New Orleans—that the Convention of the so-called "Confederate States," has adopted an amendment to the Confederate Constitution, permitting Virginia to secede in certain contingencies.

One contingency probably is the revival of the slave trade; the Virginia secessionists being opposed to such revival, as they do not wish their domestic market interfered with. In this respect they are not only for a tariff on the foreign article—but for complete prohibition. They do not like the idea of having the value of young negroes reduced from eight hundred to two hundred dollars.

But the amusing part of the affair is, that the Virginia secessionists should think it needful to have a special amendment permitting them to secede. Why the very basis of the so-called "Confederate States," is the right to secede. That is what the secessionists are fighting for, they say, the right of a state to secede from any Union or Confederacy just when it pleases. If an election goes against you, secede; if a certain policy does not please you, secede; if the taxes are too heavy, secede. And yet it seems that, notwithstanding all this, the Virginia secessionists will not trust their brethren, but demand a special clause in their favor. The fact is, they know the gentlemen they are engaged with—and know that if it were at any time to their interest, they would whistle all this secession nonsense down the wind, and practise the most stringent kind of "coercion." In fact, they do this now. East Tennessee and North Alabama have just as much right to secede from Tennessee and Alabama, as they have from the Union—and yet the secession leaders would not hesitate a moment to put down secession of that kind with fire and sword. In fact, the men in the leadership of the secession movement have never had any fixed political principle but this, their own triumph and advantage. We have watched their course in the Union for many years, and we never knew them to hesitate in casting aside any principle they had previously avowed, or in violating the Constitution, when they found it to their interest to do so. Oaths to them are mere words—constitutions and compacts nothing. For long years they were using all their power to break up the Union, while holding offices under the Union, and taking solemn oaths every year or two to uphold it. These men, sworn officers of the Union, absolutely used the power of the Union to destroy the Union! No wonder they cannot trust each other, and demand special amendments. But what could be more ridiculous than to suppose it is possible

in any way—by constitutional amendments or anything else—to hold those whom even a solemn oath will not fetter, and who do not believe that any compact is sacred or binding one minute longer than it is their interest to keep it?

HARPER'S FERRY.

The *Richmond Enquirer*, the injunction of secrecy being removed, says that Gen. Johnston evacuated Harper's Ferry because "the place was untenable, lying, as it were, in the small end of a funnel, the broader end of which could, with great ease, be occupied by the enemy."

The *Enquirer* says it was well known that Gen. Scott's plan was to turn Harper's Ferry by the column from Pennsylvania under Gen. Patterson, and effect a junction, near Winchester or Strasburg, with a column of Gen. McClellan's army passing through Romney, and thus cut off Gen. Beauregard's and Gen. Johnston's armies from each other. It says, however, that this plan was completely foiled—Gen. Johnston marched in the direction of Winchester, until about three and a half miles south-west of Charlestown, when he changed his line of march at right angles, and moved towards Martinsburg, menacing the advance division of U. S. troops under Gen. Cadwalader, which was necessitated to recross the Potomac.

A correspondent of the *Louisville Courier*, who was with the Virginia portion of Johnston's troops, at Harper's Ferry, writes two letters in very amusing contrast. The first, under date of June 11th, complains that the U. S. forces will afford them "no opportunity" for a fight—says "vaporizing seems to be their opponent's grand forte," and that they are an "arrant set of gasconades,"—and then, under date of the 13th, only two days later, tells of the evacuation being determined upon—adding:

"The necessity of this step was rendered more apparent by the fact that intelligence had been received of the rapid approach of Gen. McClellan's division of the Federal army towards Winchester. Thus we were to be intercepted, and our small force, completely hemmed in by the constantly augmenting numbers of the North-ers, either cut to pieces or compelled to surrender. Our commander very prudently chose to take neither horn of the dilemma, but resolved to desert Harper's Ferry and boldly to strike into the valley of Virginia where he could attack the enemy."

The word "retire" is often used instead of retreat, by polite writers, but we think the phrase "boldly to strike into," adopted by the writer of the above paragraph, is a decided improvement even on retire. When the Secessionists leave Manassas Junction, we suppose they will "boldly strike into" Richmond.

MORE CHIVALRY.—In a dead letter recently opened at Washington, a certain "Nephew George" writes to his "Dear Uncle Joe," who seems by the address to be "Joseph Mayo, Esq., Mayor of Richmond, Va." In the letter, this chivalrous gentleman, who appears to be an officer in the U. S. service, says:

"I desire to enter the service of Virginia as an officer of her navy, to take an active part in the establishing of the independence of our section, and therefore ask you to see the Governor in my behalf, you knowing my position. I cannot resign it without an allowance, either in whole or in part, that my State will do something for me. In giving up the present I yield everything, and have am compelled to hold, against my wishes, a place which puts me in an attitude hostile to Virginia."

"I do not know any one in your city whom I can apply to yourself, and ask, for reasons that will at once appear to you, that you destroy this."

"Most sincerely, your
"NEPHEW GEORGE."

It will be noticed that this "gallant officer" wishes to reverse the old maxim, and be well on with the new love before he is off with the old. He wants to be a rebel, but cannot resign without an assurance that his State "will do something for him." We wish the secessionists plenty of just such officers—and we have no doubt at all that they have got plenty of just such.

IMPRESSIONS IN NEW ORLEANS.—Do not fail to read what Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, says about impressions in New Orleans, and remember that New Orleans is one of the most moderate and enlightened of the secession localities! And if the secessionists would this outrage British subjects, desirous as they are just now of standing well with Great Britain, how much more would they outrage Northern men, and their own Union-loving citizens! We do not doubt that, if the whole truth were known, the civilized world would start back appalled at the cruelties perpetrated upon unoffending men, in portions of the rebellious states, within the last six months.

And how different is all this to what prevails in the loyal States. With us, not the first citizen has been even drafted for the army, much less impressed. More volunteers have offered than could be accepted—and, among those willing volunteers, are whole regiments of men of foreign birth, Irish, English, Scotch, Germans, French, and Italians. Look on this picture and on that.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS."—The loss to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, caused by the destruction of locomotives, cars, bridges, &c., by the secessionists, is estimated at two millions of dollars! At the stock of the road is largely owned by leading Baltimore secessionists; it is suggested that the motto of the road hereafter should be, "Save us from our friends." This is the road that refused to carry the United States troops.

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE REBELLIOUS STATES.—It appears by a recent letter of the Postmaster-General, that Adams's Express is allowed to carry letters between the loyal and the rebellious States. A letter from the former to the latter, must be inclosed in a United States envelope, and the Express Company must be paid 25 cents besides. The Company will not carry newspapers.

KENTUCKY.

Gen. McClellan denies, out and out, that he has made any such arrangement with the authorities of Kentucky as was stated by Gen. Buckner. He says:—

My interview with Gen. Buckner was personal, not official. It was solicited by him more than once. I made no stipulation on the part of the General Government, and regarded his voluntary promise to drive out the Confederate troops as the only result of the interview. His letter gives his own views, not mine.

People in this part of the world did not know what to say when Gen. Buckner's statement first arrived. It is evident that the United States Government cannot consistently make fish of Kentucky, and flesh of Missouri and Maryland. While Kentucky is in the Union, she cannot claim special privileges over other States. Our soil here in Pennsylvania is just as sacred as that of Virginia—which is known to be "first family," ten feet deep—and yet Uncle Sam does not hesitate to march his Yankee myrmidons through our midst, whenever he pleases. And if he were to march a hundred thousand men into the vicinity of Philadelphia to-morrow, and keep them here a whole year, it would not distress our people a wink, while our shopkeepers, and certain other classes, would probably rejoice at their coming. But then Philadelphia does not pretend to be the least "chivalrous"—although she has sent out from fifteen to twenty thousand volunteers, to fight the battles of the Union.

CANADA.

The English reinforcements sent to Canada, are said to amount to 80 officers and 2,057 men—making up about the old number of troops in the colony, before the Crimean war.

We see no harm in this movement. The United States most probably will never interfere with Canada, unless Canada requests it—and if Canada were to desire a separation, England probably would let her go. Of course we look forward to a union with Canada, in the course of time, as promotive of peace and good fellowship. We hope the nations that grow up on this North American continent may be united, and thus spare the long and bloody struggles which have afflicted Europe. Let us, on this side of the ocean, even if they have not the wit on the other, have one grand Union, and our

"battle flags be furled,"
In a parliament of man, a Confederation of the world."

WHAT JEFFERSON THOUGHT ABOUT CORRECTION.—In answer to questions put to him in 1788, before the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, Thomas Jefferson wrote:—

It has often been said that the decisions of Congress are impotent, because the confederation provides no compulsory power. But when two or more nations enter into compact, it is not usual for them to say what shall be done to the party who infringes it.—Decency forbids, and it is unnecessary as indecent, because the right of compulsion naturally results to the party injured by the breach. When any one State in the American Union refuses obedience to the confederation by which they have bound themselves, the rest have a natural right to compel them to obedience. Congress would probably exercise long patience before they would recur to force; but if the case ultimately required it, they would do so with recurrence. Should the case ever arrive, they will probably coerce by a naval force, as being more easy.

And if the above were true of the old loosely joined Confederation, how much more true is it of the "more perfect Union" which our fathers formed. In fact, the present Union was objected to by Patrick Henry and other distinguished Revolutionary leaders, because it did not pretend to derive its authority from the separate States, but from the people as a whole. Said Patrick Henry, when opposing the present Constitution, in the Virginia Convention of 1788:

"Have they said 'we the States'? Have they made a proposal of a compact between States? If they had, this would be a Confederation; it is, otherwise, most clearly a consolidated Government. The whole question turns, sir, on that poor, little thing, the expression, 'We the people,' instead of 'the States of America.'"

Patrick Henry was right in one sense of the word—the Union is a "consolidated" Government, so far as its authorized powers are concerned. It is not a "consolidated Government," in the sense that it does not swallow up the local powers of the States. The Union is the Sun—the States are the planets which revolve around it. Certain of the planets are now trying to break out of their destined orbits; but the central power of the Government will be found sufficient to bring them rapidly back again. If it does not, we shall have chaos.

"Boston."—At the attack on Great Bethel, the troops were directed when charging, in order to avoid becoming engaged with the wrong parties, to call out "Boston." Now though Generals Butler and Pierce are Massachusetts men, as the troops were New Yorkers, would it not have been in equally good taste, if they had been directed to shout Washington, Union, or some other word not of a local signification? It seems to us to have been a petty pride—and too nearly allied to that little local pride which has had so much to do with the growth of secessionism—which directed the use of such a word on such an occasion. In the war for the Union, let both officers and soldiers forget that they are Bostonians, New Yorkers, and Philadelphians, and remember only that they are Americans.

THE REMEDY.—Since the troops have been partly paid off at Washington, we hear of several cases of riotous conduct among the soldiery, who have partaken too freely of liquors. The remedy is in the hands of the Government—let the sale of liquors be prohibited, except by persons duly authorized at the respective camps.

WHAT FRANCE SAYS.—Whether France says or does not say precisely what England does, relative to the American difficulty, depends upon the translation of a word. The Emperor's proclamation reads:—

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, taking into consideration the state of peace which exists between France and the United States of America, has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the struggle between the Government of the Union and the States which pretend ("pretendent") to form a special confederation.

The English journals translate the French word *pretendent* propose, which of course makes considerable difference. Others say, however, that if the Emperor had meant to say propose, the French would have been "a proposist." That *pretendent* is the correct translation, would seem to be an inference from the following comment on the proclamation in the Paris *Debate*:—

The form of the latter expression, ("pretendent"), which will be remarked, as it deserves to be, can leave no doubt as to the real sense and bearing of the resolution announced by the French Government. A declaration of neutrality which, in other respects, both explains and justifies itself, cannot and ought not to be interpreted as a declaration of indifference. As far as ourselves are concerned, we feel that we cannot be mistaken in the matter. We esteem sufficiently the government of our country to feel assured that it cannot remain indifferent in the quarrel which is about to be decided by force between the two fractions of the great American Republic. But what we are most anxious to establish, is the fact that the sympathies and wishes of the country, of France are not matter of doubt. They are wholly and unreservedly on the side of the Federal Government, which, in this deplorable disunion, represents the cause of modern civilization, and the eternal principles of right, justice and humanity.

So far, so good. England and France occupy the same position of neutrality. The people of both sympathize with the Union—only the English were not quite as hearty as we expected them to be. Their sympathy, in other words, is not yet "as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn-door—but it will do." From France we get almost more than we expected—so the balance is about even. Brethren, let us take care of ourselves, and show that we can "paddle our own canoe" through even a worse storm than the present one. Then we shall have oceans of sympathy—enough to float the Great Eastern. The kings of the earth are like the gods in one respect—they help those that help themselves.

NEWS OF A BATTLE BY WAY OF LONDON.—A late number of "Reynolds's London Miscellany" contains an engraving of an action near Harper's Ferry, the engagement being described as follows:—

We have now to relate another incident of the civil strife. One of the most energetic officers of rank who are devoted to the Federal cause, is General Harney; and on the arrival of the report at New York that the Secessionists had created disturbances at Baltimore, and had mustered in some force at Richmond, Harper's Ferry, and other places at no great distance from Washington, Gen. Harney set out with a small escort of troops to the latter city. On arriving in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, an attempt was made to arrest him by a party of rebels, consisting of some Charleston Zouaves and Fusiliers, with two pieces of cannon. A sharp but brief skirmish ensued. General Harney, having his horse killed under him, hid his troops on foot; and in less than thirty minutes all was over. The rebels were compelled to beat a retreat with a loss of twenty-seven men killed and forty wounded; while the casualties of the Federal soldiers were comparatively trifling. A few days afterwards the Carolinians, being reinforced by a number of Virginia rebels, marched to Harper's Ferry, and so sorely pressed the Federal Commissioners that they were compelled to imitate the course adopted at Norfolk dockyard, by destroying the arsenal, armory, stores, and factories, and then retiring from the scene.

We think General Harney is much to blame for not having imparted an account of the above action to the press. He seems to have behaved with his characteristic gallantry however. In the English engraving, a bareheaded officer (name unknown) is leading on his men, evidently cheering and encouraging them.

By the way Reynolds's *Miscellany* is "all right on the goose"—to use the classic language of the Missouri border.

THEIR ORDERS.—It is stated that the inaction of the Pennsylvania troops under Generals Patterson and Cadwalader, is owing to positive instructions from General Scott. It is further alleged that Colonel Brown, at Fort Pickens, has also his orders to remain on the defensive. All of which may be true, and may not be true. We believe *faute de mieux* is called *strategem* in war, and if we were the Washington reporter of a newspaper, and any military gentleman was to tell us a long string of news, as long as the daily papers have every morning—and all amounting to nothing—we should simply think he was "stuffing" us.

MORALS IN SECESSIONISM.—Chancellor Dargan, of Alabama, informs the people of that State, through the *Mobile Tribune*, that they cannot now remit money to pay their Northern debts, "without a violation of law." This looks bad—but, on the other hand, we see that a negro has been hung recently in Mississippi, for stealing guns. We suppose that honesty, in future, in Secessionism, is to be confined to the colored population.

A HOAX.—The *N. Y. Tribune* says that the important letter purporting to be from Mr. Botts is probably a forgery. We give it notwithstanding, as a pretty good sample of the sensation articles which abound nowadays.

NOT BAD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Ask General Bragg. THE MOST PROMINENT GENERAL DOWN SOUTH.—General Distress.

A GOOD PLACE FOR GENERAL FELLOW.—The bed of the Mississippi.

SOUTHERN TOPERS' DEVICE.—The Stars and "Bars."—N. Y. Leader.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

SKIRMISHES.—There have been several skirmishes during the past week. Captain Ward, of the U. S. steamer *Freeborn*, with about 40 men, had erected breastworks at Mathias Point, on the Potomac. While leaving for the purpose of obtaining cannon, the party were attacked by a large body, the gallant Capt. Ward killed, and several wounded. The men reached the vessel without further damage. Another account says the party was landed simply to burn certain brushwood which had sheltered the enemy on previous occasions.

On the other hand, a mounted picket of 13 men, sent out from Colonel Wallace's Indiana volunteers at Cumberland, Maryland, routed 41 secessionist cavalry, killing 8 and taking 17 horses. Attacked again by the enemy, reinforced to the number of 75, they crossed to a small island, abandoning their horses, and finally scattered after killing 23 men—all reached camp but one who was killed. Corporal Hays was wounded. Col. Wallace, in his official report, says:—"Three companies went to the ground this morning and recovered everything belonging to my picket excepting the horses. The enemy were engaged all night long in boxing up their dead. Two of their officers were killed, and they laid out twenty-three on the porch of a neighboring farmhouse. The report of the skirmish sounds like fiction, but it is not exaggerated. The fight was really one of the most desperate ones on record, and abounds with instances of wonderful daring and courage."

An officer under Colonel Stone's command states that sixty-three of the rebels were killed at Edwards' and Conrad's Ferry, on the Potomac, in recent engagements done by Lieut. Hasbrouck, of the West Point battery, and a detachment from Gen. Patterson's Philadelphia regiment.

WASHINGTON.

THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.—Already practical measures of legislation are being prepared by Senator Wilson, who, it is understood, has been in consultation with Congressmen, as well as with high officers of the Government, and at an early day of the Extra Session of Congress will, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, introduce a series of bills proposing, 1st, To legalize the Executive action concerning the present defensive or warlike preparations; 2d, Giving the sanction of law to the plan already announced, for the permanent increase of the army; 3d, Retiring infirm and disabled army officers; 4th, To organize from the militia 100 regiments, as a National Guard, to be clothed and armed alike; 5th, To increase the number of cavalry to the extent of 60,000, and to the number of Senators; and to authorize the President to fill the vacancies caused by resignations in the Military Academy, or otherwise.

Besides, it is designed to recommend a loan of \$200,000,000 to carry the defensive measures into effect, at 7 per cent. interest, and an issue of Treasury Notes of the denominations of \$10 and \$20, without interest, intended especially to supply a circulating medium.

Gen. McDowell has not been superseded by Gen. Dix, but remains in command of the Washington Department.

MARYLAND.

The Baltimore secessionists are very angry with Gen. Johnson, the rebel commander in Virginia, for his wholesale destruction of property at Martinsburg. The act has opened the eyes of the wealthy rebels in Baltimore. They now begin to see what sort of traitors they have consorted with.

One thousand rebel troops have been posted at Occoquan, Va., to guard against a flank movement by the Federal troops.

It is understood that the policy of the Government to permit the rebellious Legislature of Maryland to pass any disloyal acts it pleases, but if such acts conflict with the Constitution and the interests of the nation, to abolish the Legislature at the point of the sword, as in the case of Missouri.

It is stated that Gen. Cadwalader received direct orders from Gen. Scott not to advance to Martinsburg, Va.

Thirty men of the Massachusetts Eighth, stationed at the Relay House, are literally barefooted, the supplies of shoes having entirely failed.

ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE OF BALTIMORE.—On the 27th, at the rather early hour of 3 o'clock, A. M., George P. Kane, the Marshal of Police, was arrested at his house, by order of Gen. Banks, and conveyed to Fort McHenry, where he is now a prisoner.

Gen. Banks issued a proclamation, naming John R. Kenly, of the Maryland regiment, as Provost Marshal, and dependent on all the powers of the Police Commissioners. Kenly is to exercise supreme control over the department until some known loyal citizen is appointed to act as Marshal.

The proclamation gives as a reason for the arrest of Kane, that he is known to be aiding and abetting those in armed rebellion to the Government at the head of an armed force, which he has used to conceal rather than to detect acts of treason to the Government.

At 2 o'clock the Police Commissioners, after a consultation, issued orders to the police officers to take off their insignia of office—badges, caps, buttons, etc., and virtually disbanded them.

The Board issued a protest, which is signed by the Mayor as one of the Board. Col. Kenly has been actively engaged in organizing a new police force. He has appointed captains in all the districts. It was his desire to retain the old police force, as far as possible, but the action of the Commissioners thwarted that intent.

At the Marshal's office, secreted under piles of coal, under the flooring, &c., were found 250 muskets and rifles, two 6-pound and two 4-pound guns, half a ton of assorted shot, 400 weight of balls, and 800 rifle ball cartridges, also 1 ball, 12-pounder, labelled "from Fort Sumter to Col. Kane," &c. &c. The best of the arms, and some of the ammunition, have been recognized as part of those taken from the baggage car of the *Masachusetts Regiment* that was assaulted on Pratt St., on the 19th of April. The U. S. Marshal, having sufficient information to justify him, issued a writ on Adam Demmead & Sons, where the officers found five field pieces, 6, 8, and 12-pounders, all new and well mounted, with carriages, etc. Also, three siege guns, which had been manufactured, it is stated, at the order of Marshal Kane. These arms were supposed to have been designed originally for operations against Fort McHenry.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A UNION CANDIDATE.—Mr. Charles Henry Foster announces himself a candidate for Congress in the First District, in the following address:

To the Friends of the First Congressional District of North Carolina:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I hereby announce myself as an unconditional Union candidate for the Congress of the United States from this District.

The usurpations of your Governor and the revolutionary acts of your Convention, cannot command the acquiescence of loyal citizens. They are utterly without authority;

they have no validity in law or public exigency, and impose no binding obligation upon the people. Your allegiance to the Federal Union remains first and highest, and there is no fealty that can conflict or override it.

A law of North Carolina fixes the first Thursday of August as the day of election for your Representatives in Congress. The default or malfeasance of no secessionist Governor or other public functionary can defeat or impair your right of representation in the councils of the nation. It is your privilege to go to the polls, on the day designated by a statute of the State, and cast your ballots without fear or intimidation. You will be protected in the exercise of the sacred right of franchise to the full extent of the power of the Government.

CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.
Martinsburg, N. C., June 18, 1861.

Mr. Foster is a politician of mark—one of the ablest men in the State.

TENNESSEE.

The men of East Tennessee are hoping that their "friend Abraham," as they call the President, will speedily send them help.—The Administration says they shall not be disappointed.

The latest accounts from East Tennessee show a large body for resistance to the rebel Government. The majority are for the inauguration of a Provisional Government in East Tennessee.

KENTUCKY.

A friend of Mr. Crittenden authoritatively denies a despatch to the *Louisville Journal*, declaring that Mr. Crittenden would offer a compromise or advise Kentucky to secede.

LATER NEWS.

A home guard is about to be organized in Baltimore, of 150 men from each ward, to be fully armed and equipped in the best manner.

The following is the number of troops in Washington and vicinity (June 30th):—

District Volunteers, 4,000
Regulars, 4,000
Volunteers, 60,000

Total, 72,000

The above includes, however, the division at Frederick, under Col. Stone.

Two regiments, one Alabama and the other Mississippians, revisited Harper's Ferry, on the 27th, and destroyed the balance of the railroad trestle work. They also came over to the Maryland side and seized all the boats they could get, either breaking them up or taking them over the river. All the Union men of Harper's Ferry were again driven out.

There is talk of a forward movement of Gen. Patterson southward.

Capt. Newton, of the engineers, has visited Maryland Heights, for the purpose of selecting a point upon which to erect a battery to command Harper's Ferry.

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, June 29.—Mr. Morrison, State Treasurer; Mr. Mosely, State Auditor, and Mr. Houston, Register of Land, called on the President to-day, and will enter upon their official duties. The Attorney General, Mr. Nott, declined to take the oath, and he is now a prisoner at the Capitol.

NOT TAKEN.—An advertisement announces the reopening of the Confederate loan at several places in Georgia, and says that only eleven out of the fifteen millions have been subscribed for.

MR. LONG'S SHOOTING AFFAIR.—The Coroner's jury express it as their opinion that the wounds were inflicted without any provocation or discharge of fire arms from any citizen then present, and also without any order to fire having been given by the officers of said companies of soldiers.

Capt. Duncan N. Ingraham, who became famous by his action in connection with the *Kosciusko* case, it is reported, died in Charleston, S. C., on the 10th inst. He had resigned his commission in the U. S. Navy, and joined that of the Confederate States.

There are now about thirty-five thousand Federal troops in Western Virginia.—*Chenault's Gazette*.

A SNAKE STORY.—"During the Florida war," said the speaker, "I was in the American army. One day I shouldered my gun, and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that I saw nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is I never should have believed it if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I look it to be, was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of the gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of—what do you suppose?"

"A box constrictor," said one.

"No,"

"An anaconda," said another.

"No."

"What, then, could it have been?" asked a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

WANTED: AN "H."—The London cockneys must be a very unsuccessful class, if we judge by the total failures of their Aspirations.—*Vanity Fair*.

CON BY A BELLER.—Why will Charles be beloved by epicures in a few years? Because it will be a fine old Colwell's Port.—*Vanity Fair*.

Beauregard's proclamation is satisfactory, not only as to his whereabouts, but also as to his occupation. He is lying at Richmond.

Why is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps wheeling to the Union.

A gambler who had been thrown out of the window for cheating at cards, was counselled by his friends "never to play again except on the ground floor."

Toombs, the Confederate Secretary, recently sent to Gen. Scott an ear of green corn in the husk, with his compliments. We are glad he did not send any of his Cobbs back to Washington.

Mrs. Boteler Seckers.—The wife of the Hon. A. R. Boteler, a member of the last Congress from Harper's Ferry district, but now a secession leader, has seceded from her husband and gone to the more congenial atmosphere of Hagerstown, where she will probably remain until her husband gets over his secession proclivities. It is said that, as she left him, she remarked that "as soon as he came back into the Union, she would join him."

A Soldier's Emotion in Battle.

Our citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle field will find the most terrible moments just before the combat begins. A soldier in his narrative of personal adventures in the Mexican war, published in "Howe's Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items on this head in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues.

We remained quiet with two exceptions. Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us; I suppose, to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and as he gazed, he said:—"The legend, my hearty words! I hope to be the thing!" The other occasion was that of Lieut. Blake, of the Engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubting that he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands! How many thoughts and tears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! A clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from duty. There are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with honor; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hours' fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always find that I had perished so profoundly as to wet through all my thick woollen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Remember, did you ever see your house on fire? If so, it was then you rushed into the danger, then, there you stood, over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool, some are brave, some are cowardly; others are prompt, and others are slow; but they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all their energies takes place, await to behold; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally incapable to do more than to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the soldiers of our army, there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight, others allowing that they would, and like demons, etc. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right wing when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dusky smoke issuing from the mouth of the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and the shot came crashing toward us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron. Lieut. Churchill and his men began with their eight pounders, and when the first shot was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the Lieutenant said to his men. When the first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, "Too high, men, try another!" "Too low, men, try again!" the third time the "charm." The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the effect of that and the following shots.

"That's it, my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have them now! keep at that!" and so they did, and every shot bore complete lanes through the enemy's lines, but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot, this puzzled the men, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes, one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous, a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipe stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour the grass caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke shot out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment.

In the obscurity the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and then took a man's head on the right, as I was with him. The blood of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that night I shall carry with me to my dying day.

A little later, Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery. I saw him just after the shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thigh, his face was tremendously cutting off both his pistols at the locks, and also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to hit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouacked where we were, and laid on our arms, we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men, each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist, they all wore red flannel shirts, and therefore, were in uniform. To see them huddling and unnumbered, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense

clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark red shirts and naked arms, ying at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than men.

NEWS ITEMS.

When the regular army is completely organized, as the present determination of the War Department anticipates, it will contain about thirty regiments and about forty-five thousand men.

The statement going the rounds of the papers to the effect that British soldiers can frank their own letters, is untrue. The commanding officer of every regiment, alone, can "free" communications, but in some cases he delegates company captains—never a lower rank—to do it for him. Letters from the colonies must all have the two-cent stamp for home postage. The same privilege is accorded to the captains of naval ships. Our officers are just as well off in this respect as the English, for all American vessels bring free mails, leaving only the domestic postage to be paid.

The new Governor (Pierpont) of Virginia, has been officially recognized by the President—the appointment for the next Congress being commensurate to him.

This Ordnance department at Washington is engaged night and day, as well as on Sunday, turning out arms and ammunition, at the rate of two hundred shells, twenty-five thousand percussion caps, and thirty-five thousand Minie and musket balls per day. Gas fixtures have been put up, and the work is now driven from week to week, without a moment's cessation—not even stopping at noon for dinner, two sets of hands relieving each other alternately. No more smooth bore guns are manufactured here, the whole attention being paid all over cannon.

SHIP TIMBER IN MAINE.—At a meeting in Augusta, called by Governor Washburn, it was ascertained that there was timber enough cut and in and near the ship yards of Maine, to build forty ships, of one thousand tons each.

The telegraph informs us that Howell Cobb pledged his honor to some disaffected troops in Norfolk, that within three months the Confederate army would not only occupy Washington, but would have subdued the entire Union forces of the North. Howell has not staked anything very valuable in support of his opinion. *Louisville Journal*.

The Civil Engineers of Great Britain control an annual expenditure of two hundred millions, and their own professional gains are ten millions of dollars from that expenditure.

Mrs. Lee, wife of the late commander of the Virginia forces, has written a letter to General McDowell, thanking him in the kindest manner for the preservation of the property at Arlington, his beautiful estate.

The reduction of price for taking photographs is owing to a discovery as to preparing the paper and a more powerful concentration of the sun's rays by the lenses. What actually cost 30 cents to the artist can be afforded at 1 cent.

TWENTY-FOUR bags of mail matter, en route from Washington to Wheeling and West, were captured on the Baltimore road, East of Harper's Ferry, and arrived yesterday by the Central Railroad. Their contents, at this time, must afford to our Executive information of great value.—*Richmond Examiner*.

The desire among the British soldiers now stationed at Halifax to join the service of the United States Government is so great, and desertions in consequence so numerous, that the recruiting ship *Pyramus* has been towed to a position at the mouth of Halifax harbor for the purpose of searching every vessel, whether British or foreign, that leaves the port. Their blood seems to be "thicker than water."

The Charleston Mercury is pouring broadsides of hot shot into Mr. Russell, of the London Times, because that gentleman awarded the credit of the bombardment of Fort Sumter to Gen. Beauregard. It insists that the Charlestonians did all the work, and to them should belong all the glory!

THE BLIND IN IRELAND.—The report of the Moynihan Asylum for blind women has just been issued. There are 4,000 blind women in Ireland, and nearly as many of the other sex. Dr. Wilde, the oculist, states that there is a greater proportion of blind in Ireland than in any other country of Europe except Norway. It appears from the post law inquiry now in progress that there are 1,700 blind paupers in the Irish workhouses.

Col Baker's California regiment, over 900 out of the 1,000, are Philadelphians—and nine out of the ten captains. It is to be increased to 1,500 men, by adding five more companies.

DISUNION.

BY ALBERT PIKE, OF ARKANSAS.

Ay, shout! 'Tis the day of your pride,
Ye despots and lords of the earth!
Teach your cubs the American name to deride,
And to rattle their fathers in mirth.
Ay, shout! for the League of the Free
Is about to be shivered to dust,
And the torn branches fall from the vigorous
Tree.

Whereas Liberty placed her last trust,
Shout, shout! for more firmly established will be
Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue
Sea.

II.

Laugh on! for such folly supreme
The world has yet never beheld;
And ages to come will the wild story seem
A tale by antiquity swelled.
For nothing that time has up built,
And set in the annals of crime,
So stupid in folly, so wretched in guilt,
Darkness sober tradition or rhyme.
It will be like the fable of *Echidna*'s fall,
A by-word of mocking and horror to all.

III.

Ye mad! who would "race out your name,
From the league of the proud and the free,
And a separate, ideal sovereignty claim,
Like a lone wave flung off from the sea,
Oh, pause! ere you plunge in the chasm
That yawns in your dangerous way!
Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,
Desert you forever and say!
Pause! think, ere the earthquake astonish your
Soul.
And the thunder of war through your green
Valleys roll!

IV.

Good God! what a title, what name
Will history give to your crime!
In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame
Ye will write till the last hour of Time.
As braggarts who forged their own chains,
Pulled down what their fathers built,
And tainted the blood in their children's young
Veins.
With the poison of slavery and guilt
And Freedom's bright heart be herewith tenfold,
For your folly and fall, more discouraged and
Cold.

V.

What flag shall float over the fire,
And the smoke of your partizan war,
Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your
Sires?
A lone, pale, dim, mist-covered star,
With the treason cloud hiding its glow,
And its warning cry close to the sea.
Will the Eagle's wing shelter and shield you?
Ah, no!
That wing shelters only the Free.
Miscall it, disguise it, boast, brag, as ye will,
Ye are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still!

VI.

Turn, turn, men! Cast down in your night
The Anarch that sit at the helm!
Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which
The night
Of treason and terror o'erwhelm.
Turn back! From your mountains and glens,
From your lakes, from the rivers and seas,
From forest and precipice, cavern and den,
Where your forefathers bled to be free!
From the graves where those glorious forefathers
Lie.
The warning re-echoes: "Turn back, ere ye
Die!"

THE VIVANDIERE.

The cantiniere, or vivandiere, is an essential member of the French army. She may be young or old, very pretty or fearfully ugly, but the exterior is of no consequence; she is everywhere and ever the same. If she has had points, she has many good; she is a woman, although, or because, she is a cantiniere. One thing is certain: she has always an excellent heart, is fond of the soldier, and constantly ready to do him service. We need not draw the picture of her in her glory—that is to say, at the head of her regiment on review days, in full uniform with an oilskin hat on her head, and barred on her back—"Everybody who saw Jenny Lind in the 'Daughter of the Regiment,' will remember her tunic and exquisite apron, her red striped trousers and pretty little boots. Fortunately, however, the drum is not always being beaten; glory and noise are not sufficient to fill the stomach. Hence, on returning to the barracks, the cantiniere takes off her uniform and assumes her cantinier dress, and devotes herself entirely to the thousand duties of the cantinier. This is not exactly what the civilian may suppose; it is at once a restaurant, a spirit shop, a cafe, a brewery and a boarding house. It is here that the soldiers and the officers at times come to drink their morning drop, the volunteer eats there a portion of the money his family send him; the man of good appetite finds a cheap supplement to his rations, others go there to play a hand of cards, and, lastly, at the cantinier the non-commissioned officers have their mess. They pay fourpence-halfpenny a day, and find their own bread, for which they have a claim to two dishes and dessert, and soup in the evening. This is not very dear, we must allow; and hence the cantiniere does not grow rich so rapidly as the restaurateurs on the Boulevard. The business of price does not prevent very dainty dishes being eaten, for there are some cantiniere who are perfect connoisseurs, worthy of executing a dish mediated by Mimi Vernon, the man with the big crown piece. The cantiniere is generally married to a drummer in the infantry, or a bagpiper in the cavalry; sometimes her husband may be *maitre-d'armes*, or even simple private; but the position or grade makes no difference; in the cantinier the husband does not reign, and only appears when there is a great concourse, or any one is making a disturbance, which is rare enough. When off duty he smokes a great many pipes in the doorway, while drinking little glasses of beer if he is a German, and most of the cantiniere are *Allemandes*. The cantiniere's children are sent to the regimental school; some become officers, while the majority make excellent bachelors.

The cantiniere has sovereign authority in her cantinier, but that does not prevent her from serving. She is usually helped by a servant maid and a willing soldier, who becomes her soldier, her right arm, for a small annuity. If a quarrel breaks out, it is his duty to appease it, and she herself puts troublesome fellows out of the door. She does not like giving credit, but she has such a good heart that she cannot bear to see a man suffer, and she finds it impossible to refuse a drop to the soldier who is very thirsty; she curses her goodness, but she cannot resist an entreaty. We are bound to say, though, that she is paid in nine cases out of ten, and her humanity does no injury to her exchequer. Then again, when a soldier is ill or wounded, she will nurse him and make him broth, for which she refuses payment. If the cantiniere be ugly, no one raises any objection; it is not noticed, and the circumstance is only alluded to in a song of the First Empire, which some regiments still sing. Here is a stanza—

When we go to battle
We put her in the van;
Our enemies behold her
The woman with the can
In the van.
Terror-stricken and soul sick,
Immediately cut stick
From the woman with the can
In the van!

If the cantiniere be pretty, it is a very different story; she makes ravages in the regiment, and all the young recruits suddenly succumb to her victorious charms. The bolder men declare themselves, others sing her loveliness in lines set to a well-known tune. Here is one specimen out of three or four hundred—

Both cantinier and cantinier I love to such a
pass,
I could sit a whole day, were the day twice
its size,
Just tipping my glass with my sly winks at the
lase.
(Though her wine kills at forty rods, so do her
eyes.)

Ah! were I the sergeant, that fortunate man,
And that old chap, her husband, would just
kick the bucket,
I would ask of the gods but one more piece of
luck—
Would be the fair cantiniere and her can.

For the can and the can woman both I've a passion,
When the sweet smell of her dishes floats o'er
the door sill.
I stand winking at her, and in her sweet fashion,
Though I haven't a red, she returns the wink
still.
Bless my soul! for what cause does the general
make laws,
Which provide a drum major for such a girl's
man?

Turn about is fair play, every dog has his day,
Why can't I have the cantiniere and her can?

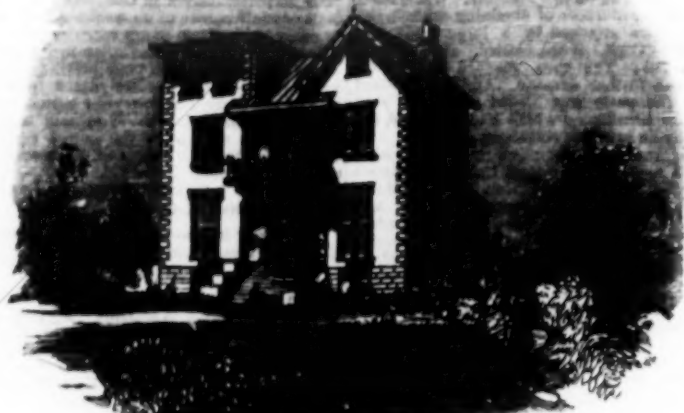
An old soldier once laid it down as an axiom that the goodness of the wine is in inverse ratio to the beauty of the cantiniere.

The cantiniere has, for the purpose of following the troops, a small cart, drawn by one or two horses, and it is this equipage that she proceeds to the review ground, where she supplies the officers and soldiers with tobacco and liquors during the repose. In the field she devotes herself to her regiment; more than once she has been seen, when the battle was raging, bearing the drop to the soldiers, and braving cannon to give a drop of water to the wounded. On such days she keeps no accounts. She does not sell, but gives. Several cantiniere have been decorated, and the exploits of one of them went the rounds of Europe. A drama was made of them, which comprises all the qualities of the soldier's mother, under the title of "La Vivandiere de la Grande Armee."

OLD LOVE AND BURGLARY.

About two weeks since the wife of a Sacramento street merchant whose residence is in Stockton street, a little north of Pacific, was suddenly awakened, late in the night, by foot-steps in her bedroom, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face, so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder. She was entirely alone. Her husband had gone to Sacramento two days before, and the only person in the house beside herself was a servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. She comprehended all. The house had been entered by burglars, who knew of the absence of the husband; and the person who held the lantern was probably armed and prepared to silence the first attempt at alarm with the stroke of a knife or a "billy." Her presence of mind did not forsake her. It doubtless requires resignation and fortitude in a woman to witness, or listen to, without scream or expostulation, the ransacking of her repositories of lace, and the appropriation of her jewelry and other valuables; but the lady very rationally deemed her life of more consideration than all the lace and diamonds in the world, and without thinking of what the rascals would help themselves to, or what leave as worthless, she closed her eyes and awaited the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face, and she heard the opening of drawers, the rustling of silks, the picking of locks, and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed, and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face. Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the least movement might imperil her life. What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face, and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless—now more through a feeling of terror than the counsel of policy. Nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar touched her cheek. Not until his lips pressed her forehead, did she spring up and half shriek, "Who is in this room?"



JOHN TYLER'S RESIDENCE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Mr. Tyler's summer residence is built of wood, and is now the headquarters of Col. Max Weider, 20th New York Regiment. Generals Butler and Pierce, with their staffs and ladies, were present on a recent evening to hear the German song, and witness the performances of the Turners. The ex-President left his house at Hampton Creek elegantly furnished; hosts of Schiller and Goethe appropriately adorn Col. Weider's quarters.

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing, and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, and then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone, she sprang from the bed, and touching a lighted match to the burner, sank into a chair, completely prostrated with the danger through which she had passed. Recovering, she closed and fastened the window through which the burglar had entered, and then looked around to ascertain of what she had been plundered.

The drawers were in confusion and almost everything with a lock to it had been opened, but, strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and the gold were all there, and her watch hung where she had placed it on retiring. Beside the casket, she discovered a little roll of paper. She picked it up, and found that it enveloped a hard substance, that that hard substance was a ring, and that that ring had been given to her many years before, and had been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she was about casting the scrap of paper from her, when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it, and read:

"This ring which was once mine, tells me in whose house I am. I did not know you were in California. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it—but fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Pardon me, and God bless you."
HENRY.

This explained all. She read the scroll, and dropping upon her knees, prayed for him who had written it. And who was "Henry"? Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, when they both lived in Brooklyn; and he would have made her his wife—for she told him she would be his—had he not taken to drink and gambling, and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in Sing Sing. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband from Sacramento, the wife related the adventure, and showed him the note; but he is not jealous, nor has he attempted to arrest the burglar.—*California Magazine.*

OUR DEAD SOLDIER-BOY.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

He died before he had reached the field
Where the battle cry was sounding;
His dear young life he must sadly yield
With his comrades in camp surrounding.
"Oh, had he but lived!" is the mournful cry
Of the weeping mother who bore him;
"Had he lived, on some stricken field to die,
Less sad would our grief be o'er him!"

Oh, breathe not the thought! Though easy it be
To fall into sad repining;
There are true lights that our eyes should see
Through the grief and the darkness shining.
What loss of a hero is he who falls
The ladder of honor ascending—
Than he who has mounted the dizzy walls,
With his fame the wide air rending!

Not the thing that is done, but the wish and will—
Not the power, but the heart of daring;
These make our pride, when the dead lie still
And our heaviest grief we are bearing.

He gave to his country the hopes of youth—
He sleeps, all darkly and lowly;
But our soldier-boy has died for the truth,
And his patriot grave is holy.

When the struggle is done—some future year—
And our national light is breaking,
Our soldier-boy will be doubly dear,
Who died when the country was waking.
Let the roses bloom round his fair young head,
And his tomb be a theme for story.
For not one of the patriot army is dead,
But has part in the nation's glory!

—New York Atlas.

* Charles F. Shinn, of Ocean County, New Jersey, lately resident in this city, a member of the Thirtieth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, who died at Camp Scott, York, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of June, aged nineteen.

† The reading public are so anxious for war articles, that editors are thinking of having their editorials "set" in percussion "caps" in order that they may always have the real snap in them.

CHOICE OF COLORS IN DRESS.

There is no better evidence of personal taste and refinement than in the selection of dress, and it is more strikingly apparent in the use of colors. The ladies have a wider field for the exercise of their taste for fast colors than men have, the latter being by fashion or custom restricted to a few of the more subdued colors, and rarely flash out in brilliant hues, except in a resplendent vest or magnificent tie. To ladies who have unlimited range of all the hues prismatic or otherwise, judgment in selecting colors to harmonize with their complexions, is of first importance.

There is one class of persons, possessed of more money than taste, who estimate colors by their cost only, and will purchase the most expensive merely because they are expensive and fashionable. Of this class was a certain lady of whom it is related that, in reply to Sir Joshua Reynolds's inquiry as to what color the dress of herself and husband, who were then sitting, should be painted, asked which were the most expensive colors? "Carmine and ultramarine," replied the artist. "Then," rejoined the lady, "paint me in ultramarine, and my husband in carmine."

We hear constantly of fashionable colors, and these fashionable colors are forever changing; moreover, we hear more of their novelty than of their beauty. All who wish to be fashionable wear these colors because they are fashionable, and because they are new; but they do not consider whether they are adapted to the complexion and age of the wearer, or whether they are in harmony with the rest of the dress. What should we say to a person who, with the right hand, plays an air in *C major*, and, with the left, an accompaniment in *F minor*? The merest novice in music would be conscious of the discord thus produced; yet as regards colors, the educated eye is constantly shocked by combination of colors as startling and inharmonious.

As the object of all decoration in dress is to improve, or set off to the greatest advantage, the personal appearance of the wearer, it follows that the colors employed should be suitable to the complexion; and, as complexions are so various, it is quite impossible that the fashionable color, though it may suit a few individuals, can be becoming to all. Instead, therefore, of blindly following fashion, as a sheep will follow the leader of the flock, even to destruction, I should like to see every lady select and wear the precise shade of color which is not only best adapted to her peculiar complexion, but is in perfect harmony with the rest of her habiliments, and in accordance with her years and condition.

I have stated that the Orientals, and other inhabitants of tropical countries, such as the negroes of the West Indies, love to clothe themselves in brilliant and positive colors—red and yellow, for instance. They are quite right in so doing. These bright colors contrast well with their dusky complexions. With us "pale faces" it is different; we cannot bear positive colors in immediate contact with the skin without injury to the complexion.

Of all colors, perhaps the most trying to the complexion are the different shades of lilac and purple. The fashionable and really beautiful mauve and its varieties, of course, included in this category. In accordance with the well known law of optics that all colors, simple or compound, have a tendency to tint surrounding objects with a faint spectrum of their complementary color, those above mentioned, which require for their harmony various tints of yellow and green, impart these supplementary colors to the complexion. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, of all complexions, those which turn upon the yellow are the most unpleasant in their effect—and probably for this reason, that in this climate it is always a sign of bad health.

But, it will be asked, is there no means of harmonizing colors so beautiful in themselves with the complexion, and so avoiding these ill effects? To a certain extent this may be done, and as follows:

Should the complexion be dark, the purple tint may be dark also, because, by contrast, it makes the complexion appear fairer; if the skin be pale or fair, the tint should be lighter. In either case the color should never be placed next the skin, but should be parted from it by the hair and a ruche of tulle, which produce the neutralizing effect of gray. Should the complexion still appear too yellow, green leaves or green ribbons may be worn as trimmings—these will often neutralize lilac and purple colors, and thus prevent their imparting an unfavorable hue to the skin.

Scarcely less difficult than mauve to harmonize with the complexion is the equally beautiful color called "magenta." The complementary color would be yellow green; "magenta," therefore, requires very nice treatment to make it becoming. It must be subdued when near the skin, and this is best done by intermixing with black; either by diminishing its brightness by nearly covering it with black lace, or by introducing the color in very small quantity only. In connection with this color, I have recently observed some curious effects. First, as to its appearance alone; if in great quantity, the color, though beautiful in itself, is glowing, and difficult to harmonize with its accompaniments. Secondly, as to its combination with black; if the black and the magenta-color be in nearly equal quantities—such, for instance, as in checks of a square inch of each color—the general effect is dull, and somewhat neutral. If, on the contrary, the checks consist of magenta and white, alternately, a bright effect will be produced.

Again, if the ground be black, with very narrow stripes or cross bars of magenta color, a bright, but yet unobtrusive effect will result. This last effect is produced on the principle that, as light is most brilliant when contrasted with a large portion of darkness—

like the stars in a cloudless sky—so a small portion of bright color is enhanced by contrast with a dark, and especially a black ground.

Yellow, also, is a difficult color to harmonize with the complexion. A bright yellow, like that of the buttercup, contrasts with black, and is becoming to brunettes, when not placed next the skin; but pale yellow or greenish yellow suits no one, especially those with pale complexions. Its effect is to diffuse, by contrast, a purple hue over the complexion, and this is certainly no addition to beauty.

ANECDOTE TOLD BY GEN. SCOTT.

Mr. J. G. Birney, a number of years ago, published an account of a conversation with Gen. Scott, from which we take the following:

"He told me a pleasant anecdote about the emancipation of a large number of slaves in Virginia, of which State, you know, he is a native. The substance of the story was as follows: When the General was a lad, there was still living an old Indian woman, named Hannah, reputed to be a slave. She was almost a centenarian. She had been unusually prolific, and her descendants, now numbered by the hundred, were all held as slaves. More than thirty of them were held by Mr. Scott, brother of the General. How they came into his possession was not mentioned.

"It began to be whispered round in the neighborhood that Hannah's posterity could not be held in bondage, according to the laws of Virginia, because she was a free Indian woman, who had 'taken up' with a slave, as the phrase is, and lived with him as his wife, performing servile work on the plantation for permission to remain there. The slaves concerned instituted a suit for their freedom, and the necessary counsel was employed. The chief management devolved upon Frank, an active, intelligent and faithful servant—one of the number held by Mr. Scott. Winfield Scott, now General, became warmly interested for Frank and his co-plaintiffs. He made memoranda for him on paper, filled up his blank subpennas, and did all that a young unprofessional scribe could do to assist him in preparing the cause for a hearing. It was a difficult matter to secure the attendance of witnesses, many of them being old, and scattered about the country. On this account, the cause was continued through several terms. A short time before the Court was to be held, Frank would go to his master, and a conversation of this kind would take place: 'Master, I come to ask leave to go and serve my subpennas.'

"'Certainly, Frank; you can go if you think it is time. With so much at stake for yourself and others, you ought to be diligent to secure the attendance of your witnesses.'

"'I may stand in need of a little money, sir, to pay ferriages and other expenses.'

"'Very true, Frank. Here are five dollars for you. But how are you going?'

"'Afoot, sir.'

"'You had better take a horse, Frank; you will be able to get through your business and come back sooner. Take Roger; and as he must be fed, too, here is as much more money to pay the charges.'

"'Thankee, master.'

"'Old Hannah was finally proved never to have been legally a slave; and, as *partus sequitur ventrem*, all her offspring were declared free. Frank came home from the scene of triumph and exclaimed, 'Well, master, we've gained our cause!'

"'Have you, Frank? Well, what are you that are with me going to do with yourselves?'

"'As for us, master, we can't leave you.'

"'But I cannot afford to pay the wages you will expect, Frank.'

"'There won't be much in the way as to that, sir. We have thought that, take us all together, old and young, big and little, we should be worth to you what we have been used to receiving all along.'

"'But that will never do, Frank. I cannot agree to that. You must have wages for your work.'

"'Mr. Scott accordingly made an estimate of what he ought to pay them, ranging from one dollar to six dollars a month. These emancipated slaves remained with him to the day of his death. When he saw one who he thought could do better for himself by his industry and enterprise, he would advise him to seek other employment; and they bore such good characters, that there was no difficulty in their procuring situations. It was only in this way that any of them left him.

"This anecdote illustrates the feeling that prevailed in old Virginia, as contrasted with the feeling of modern Virginia."

CANARIES.—Rather more than three hundred years ago, a ship partly laden with little green birds captured in the Canary Islands having been wrecked near Elba, the birds made their escape, flew to the island and there settled themselves. Numbers of them were caught by the inhabitants, and on account of their sprightly vivacity and the brilliancy of their voice they soon became great favorites, and rapidly spread over Europe. The original color of the canary is the bright yellow with which its feathers are generally tinted, but a kind of dappled olive-green, black and yellow, either color predominating according to circumstances. By careful management, the bird-fanciers are able to procure canaries of every tint between the three colors, having instituted a set of rules by which the quality and arrangement of the coloring is reduced to a regular system. Still the original dappled green is always apt to make its appearance; and even when two colored birds are mated, a green one is pretty sure to be found in the nest. For my own part I care little for the artificial varieties produced by the fanciers; and to my mind, an intelligent bird and a good singer is not one whit the less attractive because the colors of its plumage are not arranged precisely according to the fancier's rules.—*Birds of the World.*

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, baby Louise!
With your sliver hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the
shies—
God's sunshine, baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught
prayer
You learned above, baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, baby Louise!—
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you," baby Louise.

Do you hear me, baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And—your eyes gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful baby Louise!

VIOLET;

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXV.

The bullet which Erle received within his breast was well aimed, but it was not fatal.

He suffered, in fact, more from the journey which followed closely upon the receipt of the wound, than he did from the lead itself. Loss of blood and inflammation did their work, and kept him confined to his chamber for some time, unconscious whether he had been transported, and unknowing those who occasionally hung over his couch during the worst paroxysms of the brain fever by which he had been attacked.

When the fever had subsided, and all danger was over, his recovery was almost as rapid as had been his illness. Youth, native strength, a constitution that had been hardened from his childhood upwards by physical exercises, all combined to restore him to comparative health in a very short time.

As soon as he was able to rise from his bed, he requested to be permitted to quit the house in which he was located; but neither the nurse who waited on him, nor the doctor who attended him, would hear of such a step at present.

There seemed to him to be a long and strange interregnum between his lost memory at Kingswood Chase and his first recollection here. He had a vague idea of some female face hovering over him in his illness; it was not that of Lady Maud, nor was it that of the nurse. It was not so fair and innocently beautiful as that of the former, but it was far pleasanter, handsomer, and younger than that of the latter. It had worn a tender, anxious expression, and the large, liquid eyes seemed to have regarded him with pitying solicitude while he lay helpless; but at best it was a floating notion, and might have been a chimera of the brain after all.

If he tried to persuade himself into this belief, he found the task one more difficult than he cared to own.

He recognized the apartment in which he had been placed. He had occupied it before. It was the first chamber he had slept in in London, and he knew that the house of which it formed a part was tenanted by Sir Harris Stanhope and family.

He could not imagine wherefore and by what means he had been brought back hither; but being here, he had a strong impression that the young and handsome face which had watched over him during his violent fever was that of Beatrice Stanhope. He knew that his mind had wandered, and that he had spoken incoherently; he was very solicitous to know of what his ravings consisted while she was present. Now he was able to leave his bed, to sit up, and walk about, he saw the face no more; he feared that he should. He was relieved that it did not come. But Carlton did not visit him, nor even Sir Harris Stanhope himself, and he thought strange.

"Why am I brought here?" was a question he perpetually asked himself, without being able to answer it. It was, however, answered at an unexpected moment.

On rising one morning, the third after he had been able to leave his bed, he found the door of an adjoining room, which had previously been kept locked, ajar. He pushed it open, and entering the apartment, found himself in the presence of Sir Harris Stanhope. The astute diplomatist arose, with an appearance of frank warmth, and taking his hand, pressed it with every appearance of genuine kindness.

"I congratulate you upon your recovery from a very sharp attack," Mr. Gower, he said, in a friendly tone. "You have had, I may say, two narrow escapes, one from a very deadly miasma, and the other from a very dangerous attack of fever on the brain; but you, no doubt, bear a charmed life."

"I thank you, Sir Harris, for your kind congratulations," returned Erle, in a clear and somewhat decided tone. "I am as yet hardly competent to judge of the true nature of the escapes I have had, but I have no doubt I shall be able to appreciate their danger when I am better acquainted with it. I believe, however, that I am greatly indebted to you—"

"I beg you won't mention it," interposed Sir Harris, quickly.

"You will at least do me the favor to permit me to mention one thing," continued Erle, "and that is, the surprise I feel at finding myself beneath your roof."

"Oh, that is a little arrangement between myself and Lord Kingswood," responded Sir Harris, with a quiet smile.

"Will you do me the honor to explain to me the particulars of that little arrangement?" inquired Erle, gazing upon him steadfastly.

"Do you think you can endure the fatigue of a somewhat prolonged conversation?" inquired Sir Harris, with affected solicitude.

"I have no doubt of it," returned Erle, in the same decisive tone.

"I am at your service, then," returned Sir Harris, "and so be seated, Mr. Gower."

Erle complied promptly, and Sir Harris arranged himself comfortably in an easy-chair. He took a large pinch of snuff, and commenced:—

"To abbreviate a long story, Mr. Gower," he said, "I have known Lord Kingswood for thirty years, and I know your history down to the present time."

Erle reddened and bowed; he felt that he should be glad if he knew all of it himself.

"I may add," continued Sir Harris, in a self-sufficient tone, "that I am acquainted with your secret history, Mr. Gower."

Erle slightly and silently bowed again. Sir Harris observed a slight contraction of his brows, and knew that he was on dangerous ground.

"I only allude to it," he said, in a smooth tone, and with a bland smile, "for the purpose of observing that, at the proper time, and in the proper place, the knowledge, hidden, I am aware, at the present from you, will stand you in good stead; at present it can be of no service to you; on the contrary, it would be a positive injury to your present as well as to your future prospects. We will, therefore, if you please, let it stand as it does, until we can make use of it to some purpose."

"It appears to me," said Erle, with a frown, "that my secret history, as you are pleased to term it, is a species of capital, employed for the furtherance of every interest except my own."

"You judge rashly, young man," rejoined Sir Harris; "but it is pardonable. Young as you are, circumstances as you have been, it is not surprising that you should jump to erroneous conclusions. Hear from me, who know it, that at the present instant it is a disadvantage to you; at a later period, not, perhaps, so very far hence, it will prove of great and important value to you. I know your present condition as well as I know of your recent clandestine visit to Kingswood Hall—"

as well, indeed, as that I know you were conveyed bleeding and senseless hither, and that you are here now. By the way, do you know who sent that bullet through you?"

Erle waived his hand. "It is irrelevant, sir," he answered, somewhat impatiently.

Sir Harris took a pinch of snuff, and bending his head acquiescently, went on:—"You are, Mr. Gower—pardon my plainness—wholly in the power of one who can and will prove to you a most excellent friend or a most bitter and merciless enemy. But you have promised obedience to his wishes, and I have no right therefore to assume that you have any intention to treat them in a hostile spirit. Now, mark me, Mr. Gower, your position with Mr. Vernon is one of the meanest and most abject dependence—"

"Sir Harris Stanhope!" ejaculated Erle, fiercely.

"Do not misinterpret my meaning," continued Sir Harris, calmly. "I say your position, without any reference to you personally; on the contrary. Assured that you possess a high and noble nature, that you are actuated by generous and elevated sentiments, I appeal to you to throw off that galling yoke, and act independently, as becomes a brave and accomplished gentleman."

"Well, sir?" said Erle, coldly, as Sir Harris paused to take breath.

"Well, sir," iterated Sir Harris, "a path is now open to you to honor and to wealth. You have excellent intelligence, a cultivated mind, youth, activity and energy. I am prepared to place in your hands at any moment from day to day a lucrative and honorable appointment in the Government of India, to provide all preliminary expenses, to fit you out, and forward you to your appointed post with the equipments of a nobleman, and to engage that, in a comparatively brief term, you shall return to your native land rich, honorable, and master of a situation to which you may now perhaps lift your eyes hopefully, but which, without my aid, you can never conquer."

Erle mused for a minute. The temptation was great. It would be a grand way to win Lady Maud. He knew that she would be faithful to him in his absence, and on his return, loaded with the honors a clear head, a bold heart, and great energy would obtain for him—and the wealth he should speedily amass, he could, with an unabashed conscience, take her from home and friends to his heart, if they, as no doubt they would, refused their sanction to his union with her. It was, indeed, a path which seemed to open before him direct to all he coveted. He was young, very young; what would be a few brief years, if, by enduring their trials, he won Maud, and won her nobly, too! His heart swelled at the thought.

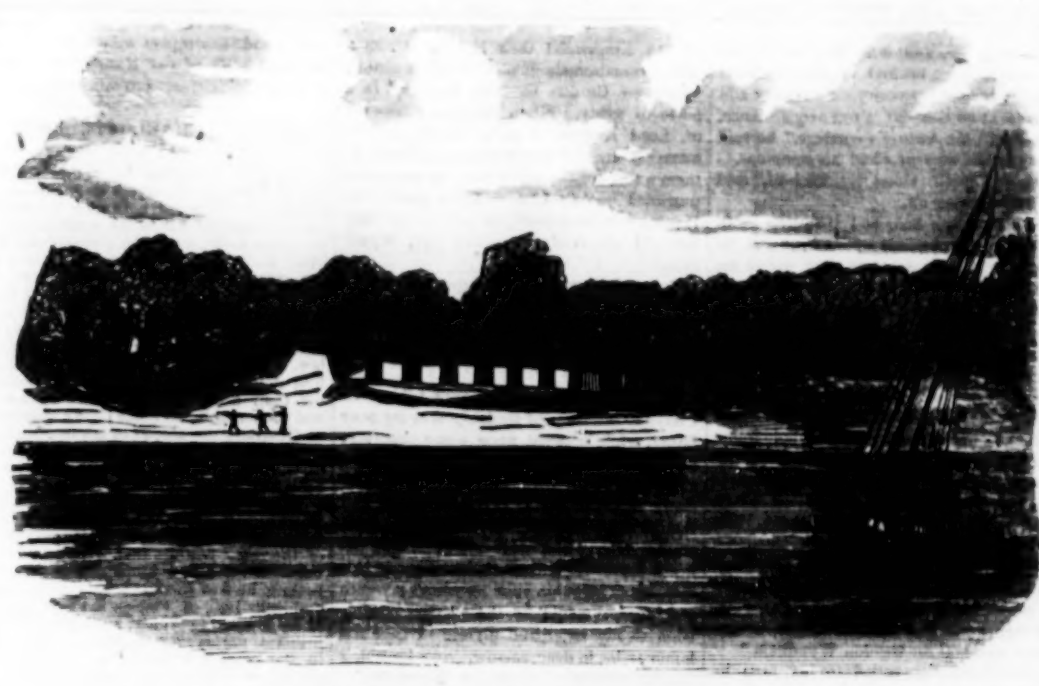
Sir Harris Stanhope watched him closely; he saw that his imagination was at play by the enlargement of his eyes, by their quick and brilliant flashes, and by the restless play of his lips. Presently he turned to Sir Harris, and said, slowly and somewhat earnestly, "What is the reverse of this pleasing picture?"

"You mean, of course, should you reject my proposition?" said Sir Harris.

"I do," replied Erle.

Sir Harris shrugged his shoulders.

"I have told you," he rejoined, "that you are



THE BATTERY AT SEWALL'S POINT.

We are indebted to Frank Leslie's Paper for the above sketch of the secession battery near Fort Monroe—so often mentioned in the despatches from the latter place. Sewall's Point forms an extreme point of the promontory on which Norfolk stands, and is opposite nearly midway between Fort Monroe

absolutely in the power of a merciless enemy. You will no longer be permitted to minister to the revengeful machinations of Horace Vernon, you will at the same time be thrust into the world as an outcast, hunted from place to place, knowing no peace nor rest. These are modes of persecution of which the law can take no hold, but which are, nevertheless, murderously destructive in their character, and you would be pursued until you found life such a burden—"

"Hold!" cried Erle, with a contemptuous gesture. "You are speaking of me as if I had neither will, energy, nor power of action—as if I had no voice to make my wrongs heard, nor strength to battle with my persecutors—"

"Stay," cried Sir Harris, hastily. "We are discussing the reverse before I have pointed out the whole of the merits of the obverse. I have invested the appointment I have offered to you with the chance of honors and wealth; but there remains a yet greater and more fascinating inducement to accept the post than any I have named."

Erle recoiled a little. "What is that?" he asked, mistrustfully.

"I have it within my chamber. I will show it to you," he said, rising abruptly from his seat. "Attend me, if you please," he added, with a low chuckle.

He took hold of Erle's arm in a playful manner, and pushed rather than led him into an adjoining apartment. Erle had barely entered, when Sir Harris, quitting his hold, retreated from the room, and closed the door.

Erle's eyes ran round the apartment; he saw a female seated at a table, apparently bending over a book or picture. The noise of his entrance caused her to turn her head, and seeing him she immediately rose and advanced towards him.

He turned and looked behind him; he found that Sir Harris had disappeared, and that he was alone with Beatrice Stanhope.

When, on first returning to consciousness, he discovered that he was in the house of Sir Harris Stanhope, the probability of some such interview as this presented itself vividly to his mind. He hoped with much fervor that it might not come to pass, because it would be imperative upon him to deport himself with coldness to her; but his hopes were frustrated, and she was now alone with him; and to render his condition more painfully embarrassing, her father's last words respecting the fascinating inducement to accept the appointment he had offered to him were ringing in his ears.

He seemed at a glance to see the whole thing clearly, and he felt that had not his heart been already surrendered to Lady Maud, it would have tried his powers of self-denial to the utmost to have declined the appointment and the lady. As Beatrice turned her pallid face to him, and gazed upon him with a melancholy expression in her large, dark, brilliant eyes, he recognized the face that had bent over him watchfully, or had flitted about the room during his illness; and it was not possible to repress a grateful emotion taking possession of his breast.

But he remembered, too, their last parting, and he feared to display the really kind and friendly sentiments he entertained for her, because she might misconstrue them; yet, out of genuine gratitude for her watchful tenderness in his sick chamber, it was impossible to treat her with apathy or indifference. Indeed, she did not give him the chance.

She had been prepared by her father for this interview, and she had dressed herself with exquisite taste. Charming as she was naturally, her beauty was materially heightened by her admirably-fitting dress, the arrangement of a flower, a ribbon, a trinket, and the elegance with which her luxuriant and glossy hair was disposed so as to perfectly suit the contour of her face.

She approached him with a joyous smile, and held out both her white, small hands to him. He took them, and she pressed them frankly and warmly, as though, independent of all other influences or emotions, she was really glad to see him. "I am so glad to see

you again. I feared—I thought you would die."

He saw a tear glisten in her eye, and he felt that an expression of pain passed over his features, which she instantly observed.

"I thank you, Beatrice," he said, in a voice that slightly trembled, "with earnestness and sincerity. I am deeply sensible of your kind attentions to me when stretched upon my sick couch; be sure that I fervently appreciate them. Yet, if I might dare express such a wish, I would that you had been kind to one who has it not in his power to make a just return for it."

"Nonsense, Erle," she replied, softly, while a rosy blush stole over her pale cheeks. "You know we are friends. You remember when last we met we agreed upon that point—and friends, you know, reciprocally return kindness for kindness."

"I should be glad to know," he returned, quickly, "how I might be able, if inadequately, to make, as a friend, an acceptable return for—"

"Playing the nurse when you were ill," she interrupted, with her low, musical laugh. "Pray consider that you have amply repaid me by getting well. Now, do not make any further allusion to it, Erle, because it makes me blush. Now, though roses on the cheek are desirable generally, they are not welcome when we know they have no business there. Sit down, Erle."

"Nay—"

"Do as your nurse tells you, like a good, obedient boy," she said, forgetting her own injunctions to him. "There," she added, as he sank into a couch, "that is proper, and—may I sit by your side, if you please?"

This was said in a light tone of banter, which disconcerted him, and he was not any the more composed to find that, before he could reply, she placed herself so near to him, that when she spoke, her shoulder touched his.

The closest blood rushed into his face and crimsoned forehead and neck. He turned, cast his gaze out of the window, feeling that an embarrassment was but the question of a very few minutes.

"Have you seen Carlton?" she said, as she found him remain silent.

He replied in the negative.

"Then you have not heard the news?" she added.

He smiled. "No, indeed," he returned.

"He is going to be married," she rejoined, fixing her large, dark eyes on his.

"Married?" he ejaculated, in an affected surprise, for he knew of the passion he had conceived for Violet.

"Mercy! how you start!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Why, is not marriage the aim, the hope, the end—yes, Erle, emphatically the end of youth?"

"To whom is he to be married?" he interrogated, hastily.

"Well, anyone who knows Carlton might well ask that," she returned, still mirthfully. "He has fixed his heart on so many, but his mind only at last on one; and who do you think that one is? But you will never guess—indeed, I question if you know her. Since you disappeared from Brighton so suddenly—what a mysterious creature you are—you vanish like the spectre in a ghost story, and you appear again—"

"But Carlton's marriage—it interests me," interrupted Erle, to divert her attention from himself.

"Well, latterly, Carlton has renewed his intimacy with—Cyril Kingswood," she said, placing her hand, as if unconsciously, upon his shoulder. "And Cyril has been paying his addresses, as you are aware, to Miss Eleanor Cotton, the daughter of a merchant prince. He has insisted on Carlton accompanying to give him aid in making love—a very dangerous piece of service for Cyril to require of Carlton to undertake; however, things have gone smoothly, and turned out favorably. Carlton was introduced to Miss Eleanor's sister, a pretty girl, named Henrietta. She had a heart and no sweetheart—Carlton had a heart and at least twenty sweethearts beside. None of them cared for him, and he was quickly perceived that Miss Henrietta did

here, however, renders Sewall's Point of little importance as an offensive position, its only value being as a defence against any landing of the Federal troops in advancing upon Norfolk. The new rifled cannon at Fort Monroe, it is said, have a range sufficient to pay their respects to Sewall's Point.

A woman who truly loves, Mr. Gower, can rarely help betraying it to him who has won her. So he thought, to use his own vulgar axiom, that one live duck was worth twenty imaginary swans; he proposed—was accepted. The two papers have arranged matters, and Cyril and Carlton will, of course, be married together. Do you not wish them joy, Erle?"

She looked steadfastly into his eyes as she put the question to him, and he slowly turned his head away.

"You are silent," she said, leaning her face upon his shoulder, "and cold. Oh, Erle! is this the way to treat me?"

She took his hand and gently pressed it.

He disengaged himself gently, and rose up.

"Beatrice," he said, in a low but clear, firm voice, "hear me—I am anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between you and me. You believe me, will you not, when I say that no earthly consideration would induce me to equivocate, color, varnish or tarnish the truth?"

"I have the very greatest faith in the integrity of your word," she answered, faintly. This phrase sounded like a death knell in her ears.

"I thank you; but you are only just to me," he responded. "Then believe me when I tell you that I entertain for you the sentiments of sincere, true affection, and I hope, lasting friendship."

She turned as white as marble, and a violent ringing in the ears almost prevented her hearing his words.

"I esteem you, Beatrice," he continued, speaking with earnestness, "so highly that, but for one circumstance, the friendship I feel for you would have been passionate love."

"I loved ere I saw you," he replied.

She fell back upon the sofa in an almost lifeless condition. He approached her, but she waved him off. "It is but a sudden faintness," she whispered. "I shall be better presently. I have been taught to control my feelings," she added, with singular bitterness in her tone.

A minute, and she rose to her sitting posture again. She wiped the clammy, death-like moisture from her white brow, and said, in a feeble voice:

"Pray proceed, Mr. Gower, never heed my passing pain."

"But I do heed it, Beatrice," he cried, in a rich, ardent voice. "I feel it almost as deeply as you do yourself. Do you believe that when I came hither, alone, friendless, with a heart bursting with cares—it is but little better now, Beatrice—I could be the daily, I may say hourly recipient of your gentle attentions, your sweet courtesies, your generous sympathy, your delicate services, and your undying amability of temper, and not be drawn towards you by the very warmest ties of gratefulness? Young, beautiful, accomplished as you are, possessed of winning attractions, and what, to me, was far beyond all of those—a true and loyal sympathy for one in my lone condition—what would, what could have been those ties of gratitude but the very fondest, dearest love, if my heart had not been previously irrevocably devoted to another? Yours, and yours alone, it would have been, Beatrice."

She caught his hand and bent her face upon it. "She wept passionately. Erle bent over her. "We have professed love to you would have been to deceive you and to bitterly wrong her whose love I have won, Beatrice," he said in a soft, low tone. "You would not have wished this?"

"Not to have saved my life!" she exclaimed, rising up, and speaking with firmness. She turned her pallid face to him, and he fancied that in her misty eyes he beheld a gleam of enthusiasm.

"I thank you from my soul, Erle," she said, with emotion, "for this honorable explanation. It is noble of you—it is just to me. It is a disappointment, I own, such as one as I have never had, and, thank Heaven, such as I

can never have again. It was a dream, delicious while it lasted. I am awake now, and, Erle, we are friends."

He took it, and pressed it ardently with his lips. "Friends indeed," he replied.

She withdrew her hand, and said—"We understand each other now, but to make our understanding complete, tell me, when you entered this room, was it with the special purpose of having an interview with me?"

"I was unconscious that you were here," he replied.

"You have entered into no compact with Lord Kingswood to accept an appointment abroad, and with it my hand?" she asked, earnestly.

"I have not," he returned.

"Nor with my father?" she continued.

"Nor with him," he answered. "He did indeed offer me a post such as you mention with a fascinating inducement, but there was no compact."

"I was the fascinating inducement, then," she exclaimed, "and you were ushered in here to see whether it was worth your consideration; oh, I see it all now," she added, a hot flush of crimson mantling to her brow. "I was to be disposed of like a chattel or an appointment," and she dashed the tears of vexation from her eyes. "I acquit you, Erle, of being in any way a party to this degrading barter of my hand, but I will meet it in its own fashion. Farewell; it is probable we may never meet again; if we should, it must be as strangers. I will not risk a danger before which I may fall. Heaven bless you!" She flung her arms around his neck, and sobbed violently, as she gasped out—"May you be happy with Lady Maud."

Her instinct told her who had won his heart. A thousand trifles rushed into his memory to confirm it.

Accustomed to control her feelings, Beatrice withdrew herself hastily from his arms, wiped the tears from her eyes, and saying to him—"I comprehend the difficulty in which you are placed," she rang the bell violently.

On a servant making his appearance, she said—"Inform Sir Harris Stanhope I wish to speak with him."

The man disappeared, and almost immediately Sir Harris made his appearance, rubbing his hands, and smiling.

She drew herself up, and with a stern countenance and voice, she said—"You laid before me, sir, a proposition with which my future condition was intimately connected. It was, in fact, a matrimonial engagement with Mr. Erle Gower."

"Precisely," returned her father, rather disconcerted by her manner. "Present prosperity and happy marriage between two young, handsome people, and glorious prospects hereafter."

"Of the glorious prospects, and the ultimate object of the union, Sir Harris, I have not spoken to Mr. Gower," she continued, speaking in loud, clear tones, "and for this reason, sir, I have wholly altered my views upon the matter. I positively and most determinedly decline the honor of Gower's hand, and have decided that my destiny shall pursue an entirely different course to that which you have so carefully—without consulting my real happiness—intended and arranged for me."

"So saying, she, without another word, glided swiftly out of the apartment, and hurried to her chamber."

Sir Harris turned passionately to Erle. "What does this mean, sir?" he cried, with a burst of passion.

"I have no explanations to make," returned Erle, haughtily.

"But I will know," shrieked Sir Harris, foaming at the mouth. "Defied by my own child, a butterfly, an insect, a worm! I will know!" and he rushed frantically from the room.

Erle heard within a minute of his departure a terrible uproar, and on making his way to the scene where it was raging, he reached it in time to see Sir Harris Stanhope fall back in the arms of his servants in an apoplectic fit.

He gave directions to the servants to place their master in his bed, despatched messengers for a doctor and Mr. Carlton Stanhope, and then he quitted the house, and directed his steps towards the residence of old Pengroop.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Lord Kingswood's carriage placed him at the door of the minister's official residence, and he leaped from it, and stalked into the reception chamber.

There was a meeting of the members of the Government that morning to determine a question of Governmental policy, and there was an unusually full attendance. The Marquis of Chillingham was already there, and was seated in a chair by a table, surrounded by some ten or a dozen noblemen, engaged in, for him, somewhat remarkably animated and lively conversation.

Two or three of Lord Kingswood's political friends greeted him as he entered, but he took no notice of them, and raised his eyes wildly round the apartment, as if in search of some one. At last—glittering stars in a moonless night—they fastened upon the Marquis of Chillingham. He advanced towards him with hurried steps, and stood before him in a haughty, defiant attitude. The Marquis of Chillingham raised his gray eyes to Lord Kingswood's face, and took instant offence at the scornful expression of his features and the apparently insulting position he assumed.

He curled his lip so as just to show his teeth. He was not a person to be insulted even by implication. His rank was higher than Lord Kingswood's, as well as his post in the Cabinet. "You look white this morning, Kingswood," he said, slowly.

"You are a villain," responded Lord Kingswood, between his teeth.

"And irritated, too; I hope that a fresh difference with your wife has not made you pass an uneasy night," he added, sarcastically.

"You are a scoundrel," shouted Lord Kingswood, in tones which were heard all over the

MILITARY MATTERS.

TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Hamilton, in his new work on Military Surgery, in treating of the subject of temperance in armies, mentions the interesting fact that during the Revolutionary war, the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment lost, in three years, by sickness, not more than five or six men. This was at a time when the troops were not paid, and consequently, cut off from the luxury of stimulants. Similar facts were noticed during the second war with Great Britain, under precisely similar circumstances. We don't know, adds the Boston Medical Journal, when we have met with a stronger argument for temperance than this; it cannot be too diligently remembered at the present time.

OLD AND NEW HOLLERS.—The English Scientific Journals are full of curious speculations on the use of peculiarly shaped bullets, like the Minie, or cannon balls like the Whitworth, is because they have a high initial velocity, and less resistance upon the atmosphere. This initial velocity is gained by their fitting the gun tightly and getting the whole power of the powder before it leaves the gun. Otherwise, a round shot would be better, for it is a curious fact that a spherical bullet fired from an old muzzle loader, laid at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and the flight was possible in the vacuum, would not touch the ground short of eight miles.

DESIRE OF SOLDIERS FOR WATER IN BATTLE.—A soldier who was in the Bethel fight, writes: "Some of us have had very narrow chances for life. In the course of the fight, several of our men were constantly playing in, or rather getting water. (I find, by the way, that on the battle-field a man will risk his life, without hesitation, for water.) Having got it, we were waiting to rush back again, dodging the balls in order to do so. Our First Lieutenant sang out: 'Don't so many of you come at once!' I, with some others, stopped to allow the next lot to pass. They made a rush, and when a steady cross, a cannon ball came whizzing along and killed four men, mowing them down instantly. One was of our own corps, one of the East Boston company, one a Lieutenant of Artillery, and one unknown to me. On seeing this we immediately made a rush after them, but, though running the same risk, went safely over."

ICE FOR VEGETABLES.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from the blockading steamer Wabash, says: "An adventurous smuggler, who got a few hundred pounds of fresh provisions on board the Wabash, said that hundreds of men in Charleston would sell us things, but that they feared we would hang them up at the yard-arm. 'Have ye not bound yourself to kill all the Southern people you can catch?' said he to one of our officers. Such a question indicates a state of feeling which pretty satisfactorily accounts for the enthusiasm of the southern rebels."

"What do you think of the following note from a feminine 'rebel'?"
"Madame L. G.—sends her compliments to the officers of the United States man of war, now anchored off the harbor. If they are agreeable, she will exchange all sorts of garden vegetables for ice."
"Although our stock of frozen water was very short, two tubfuls of the best Rockland Lake went to the lady."

"And blessed forever is she who relied on Northern honor and Northern pride!"
CLEANING GUN BARRELS.—We see in the Scientific American, and other papers, recipes for cleaning gun barrels. They are all open to the objection that they involve the use of water, thus requiring time to dry the barrels, and incurring the danger of rust. We give a method used by scientific sportsmen with success. Get a quantity of quicksilver, which can be kept in a strong pill box, and when the barrel is full, place the thumb upon the nipple, pour the quicksilver in at the mouth, and then run it up and down for a few minutes. Turn it back into the box, and the barrel will be perfectly clean. The mercury forms an amalgam with the lead and removes it. The lead can be taken from the mercury by straining.

EXTRA PAY FOR LABOR.—When it is necessary to employ the army at work on fortifications, in surveys, in cutting roads, and other constant labor for not less than ten days, the non-commissioned officers and soldiers so employed are enrolled as extra duty men, and are allowed 25 cents a day when employed as laborers and teamsters, and 40 cents a day when employed as mechanics, at all stations East of the Rocky Mountains; and 35 and 50 cents per day, respectively, at all stations West of those mountains.

Enlisted men of the Ordnance and Engineer Departments and artificers of Artillery, are not entitled to this allowance when employed in their appropriate work.

A day's work shall not exceed ten hours in summer, and eight in winter. Soldiers are paid in proportion for any greater number of hours they are employed each day. Summer is considered to commence on the 1st of April and winter on the 1st of October.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—Last evening, as your correspondent was walking out from Fort Monroe, a woman was observed carefully advancing step by step across the bridge from the encampments towards the fort. A moment served to convince me that she was not a spy, but a woman of the fort. The former proved to be the case. As I approached she inquired how far she was from the fort to which she was going, and then, in answer to my question, revealed to me her story. She was from New York, and had an only son in one of the regiments encamped on the outposts.

Though blind, to use her own words, she had accomplished the whole journey from New York, and had just been out to the camp to "see" her son. On her arm was an empty basket, in which she had borne little delicacies which the occasion and a mother's love would suggest. She had had a guide, but his "pass" would not permit him to accompany her further than the further end of the bridge; so that she was left, blind and alone, to find her way in the twilight, back to the fort—a distance of more than a mile. Presently a couple of privates going in the same direction, approached. I presented her case to them, and they readily and respectfully offered her arm to the devoted mother, and they passed on. God bless the widow and the widow's son!—Letter from Fort Monroe.

This following article from the Western Reserve Chronicle is so apropos, that we give it an insertion in our columns:—

WARNING AND ADVICE.

Criticism Solicited.—As you prepare to go forth to battle, by all means provide yourself with a good supply of Perry Davis's Pain Killer. It may be the means of saving your life from many diseases incident to camp life—it has saved mine—but be sure you get the pure Perry Davis Pain Killer. It is the only reliable preparation of the kind in all cases.

FRIENDS OF THE SOLDIER.

Let me say to you in brotherly kindness, put a Bible in one end of the soldier's kit and a bottle of genuine Perry Davis Pain Killer in the other, and it may be the means of insuring his safe return—trust to no other preparation.

FARMERS.

Provide yourself with Perry Davis's Pain Killer at this season of the year when Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c., may disable your hands, use it in every case of the kind, and my ears for it, if it does not effect a speedy cure—but be sure you trust to no other remedy but the old long tried Perry Davis Pain Killer which has never to my knowledge failed.

PARENTS.

And especially mothers who have the more immediate care of children, permit me to say with candid earnestness, never let your child rest at night, but the health and happiness of your children at heart, without having the Perry Davis Pain Killer at hand—trust to no other Pain preparations or panaceas—they may, and often do fail in every case, but the Perry Davis, never, never. If you heed not this timely warning, the fault is your own, as Perry Davis's Pain Killer is in nearly every store throughout the length and breadth of our land, and all over the civilized world.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been dull and unsettled; sales reach 100,000 bbls in lots, mostly for shipment, at \$4.50 per bbl for spring wheat superfine, \$4.75 for 62½ for the latter for good, straight brands, \$4.75 for 55 for extra, and \$5.50 for family, and from \$5.75 to \$6.00 for fancy brands, as to quality, including 800 barrels good Lancaster extra at a price kept private; about 1000 bbls Western do. at a private bargain, and some small lots of Western middlings and fine Flour at \$4.60, \$4.75, \$4.80, \$4.90, and 400 bbls do. at \$4.35 to \$4.50. Corn Meal is also rather lower, and 500 bbls sold at \$2.95 for Pennsylvania, and \$2.85 for bbl for Brandywine Meal, mostly of the latter.

GRAIN.—The receipts and sales of Wheat have been to a fair extent, with sales of some 35,000 bush at \$1.00 for spring, the latter for prime lots, \$1.15 to \$1.24 for Western and Pennsylvania winter reds, as in quality, included in the sales are also some Southern reds at \$1.25 to \$1.28, and the latter for very choice lots, and while in a small way at \$1.30 to \$1.40, as in quality. Rye is in better demand, Pennsylvania selling at 60¢ to 62¢. Corn comes in slowly, about 10,000 bush yellow found buyers at 50¢ to 54¢, in store and float, as in quality. Oats are dull, and rather to the south of \$1.00 for good, and \$1.00 for Southern, about, including some small lots of Pennsylvania at 30¢.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for all kinds continues limited, and the market generally dull and unsettled. Pork selling in a retail way only at \$10.00 to \$11.00; 300 bbls city packed do., and 100 bbls clear sold for shipment on terms we did not learn. Beef is unchanged, and the sales limited. Bacon moves off as wanted at 10¢ to 12¢ for plain and fancy Hams, and 15¢ to 16¢ for shoulders. Nothing doing in Sides. Of Green Meats, we note sales of 300 cases pickled Hams at 7½¢, 8¢, mostly at the latter rate for prime sugar cured, a sale in salt was made at 7¢, and shoulders in salt at 5½¢, usual terms. Lard is unchanged. Tea and bales are held at 90¢ to 95¢, and kegs at 90¢ to 95¢, with sales of 500 pkgs, part country packed, within this range. Butter in arriving for sale only at 15¢ to 16¢, the latter for country packed. Cheese is dull and lower, with sales at 10¢ to 12¢, as in quality. Eggs are also lower, and selling at 12¢ to 14¢ per doz.

COFFIN.—Holders are very firm in their views. The sales comprise some 250 bales, taken in small lots, within the range of 12¢ to 14¢ cash for ordinary to good middling Uplands and Guils.

ASHES.—The market is a small business to note at 15¢ to 17¢, the latter for good, and 10¢ to 12¢ for fair quality, and Laguyra in small lots at 13¢ to 15¢, all on the usual credit.

COFFEE.—All, with some further sales of Yellow and 17¢ to 18¢, 6 mon.

FRUIT.—Nothing doing worthy of notice.

HAY.—Dull, Timothy selling at 65¢ to 70¢ the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, who are doing very little.

HOPS.—The market is a small business to note at 15¢ to 17¢, the latter for good, and 10¢ to 12¢ for fair quality, and Laguyra in small lots at 13¢ to 15¢, all on the usual credit.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the market, and nothing doing in the way of sales to alter quotations, which are nearly nominal, both for pig and Manufactured Iron. Scotch Pig is also very quiet.

LEAD.—Held with more firmness, and we hear of a sale of 1000 pigs (tadon) on terms kept private.

LUMBER.—There is very little doing in the way of sales. Susquehanna Boards range at \$12 to 15, and Lehigh Hemlock do. at \$10. Rail Lumber sells at \$6. Laths and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled; small sales of the former are making at \$1.50. Southern shingles are all out of first hands, of White Pine do, further sales are making at \$14 to 17 per M.

MOLASSES.—The market is quiet, and the only transactions are some small sales at 25¢, all 4 months.

RICE.—The demand is very limited, and the market dull at 5¢ to 6¢ per bush, cash and time.

SEEDS.—Are at a stand still and without any change to note in price or demand; a sale of 500 bags Calcutta Linseed was made on terms kept secret.

SPIRITS.—Brandy is firm, but very inactive, and wine steady but limited sales at quotations.

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Wit and Humor.

REMARKS ON ELECTRICITY—
After the manner of the Partisan.

Electricity was never known to the ancients till St. Franklin came among them. He caught a large quantity of it down from the clouds, one day, put it in a bottle, and left it for Mr. Merriam, who has been distributing it in small pieces over the earth. He keeps a small piece, exactly the color of a rainbow, tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief. The supply of electricity is sometimes very scant, which is the cause of much darkness. At such times the deficiency is made up by rubbing the backs of Tom cats backwards, very hard, or by telling some mother that her baby has a pug nose, when her eyes will flash sufficient to supply a whole neighborhood for a month. The stars that people see when they fall down and strike the backs of their heads, are not the real stars up in the sky, but the electric lights from the eyes, caused by bringing the head in contact with the earth, and closing the circle.

A good deal of electricity is used up in courting-matches up East, on winter nights, as the couples sit so far apart that they are obliged to communicate with each other by means of the fluid. (This latter word is derived from the *peter* "flew" of the verb to fly, because it flies about.) A good deal of the electricity is used up by professors of animal magnetism, who carry it in their sleeves and pour it out on the soft spots of people's heads. "Positive electricity" is that which a man is very sure he knows about; and "negative electricity" is that which he denies. "Electrical affinities" I don't know much about, but believe that they find most of them in the neighborhood of Berlin, Ohio. Some substances are good "conductors" of electricity—others are not. The man who ran one railroad train into another at Philadelphia, and killed so many, was not a good conductor. Glass is a bad conductor; a good many men use it to conduct liquor to their mouths—which is bad. Telegraph machines are worked by electricity, which is carried round by a man on a circuit. (This man is not a Methodist preacher, nor the one commonly called a "circuit rider.") Telegraph lines are those in which the wires are used for hanging clothes on to dry. Human people are very good conductors of electricity—as is sometimes proved by holding a pitchfork in the hands, the prongs upwards, and standing out in a heavy thunder-shower. The worst of it is, that in such cases the people don't tell, afterwards, what happened to them. The Atlantic Cable is not considered a good conductor.

IN THEIR CUPS.

In Mr. S. C. Hall's lecture on the authors of the age, an amusing anecdote—*apropos* of Wordsworth's fondness for talking about himself—comes out. Wordsworth and Haydon, the painter, had been dining together in London, and both, rather elevated with wine, were walking along the street, when a young gentleman, seeing they were somewhat unsteady upon their feet, offered his assistance; and so, leaning upon his arm, the two great men were conducted to a cab-stand. Turning to the young gentleman, Wordsworth said—

"Sir, you have been courteous to a stranger, I will now tell you who I am. I am the poet Wordsworth."

"And I," said Haydon, "am Benj. Robert Haydon, the historic painter."

The young man, who had hitherto been so attentive, dropped their arms immediately, and indignantly at what he believed to be a hoax, exclaimed—

"You are a pair of drunken vagabonds!" and left them in the middle of the street.

"GAVE HIS AUTHORITY."—There are persons who seem to think that editors regard it as one of the greatest intellectual luxuries to "pitch into" somebody, and they suppose themselves to have conferred a great favor by furnishing belligerent contributions, in which some person, corporation or society is soundly abused. Such people may take a hint from the following:

A noted chap once stepped into the sanctum of a venerable and highly respectable editor, and indulged in a tirade against a citizen with whom he was on bad terms.

"I wish," said he, addressing the man with the pen, "that you would write a very severe article against H—, and put it in your paper."

"Very well," was the reply.

The next morning he came rushing into the office in a violent state of excitement.

"What did you put in your paper? I have had my nose pulled and been kicked twice."

"I wrote a severe article, as you desired," calmly replied the editor, "and mentioned your name as my authority for it."

NOTIONS OF MUSIC.—"Hello, Sam—so you've got to work again?" said a waggish friend of ours, as he entered the shop of an acquaintance.

"No, Jim—nary job yet," replied Sam.

"Then what are you doing filing saws?"

"Filing saws, Jim? Why, I ain't been filing any thing."

"What were you doing a minute ago, as I came in?"

"Nothing—only sitting here and singing."

"Singing? Where you singing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that's it, then?" replied Jim, with an innocent air; "I thought you were filing a saw!"

SQUILLS AND SODA.

A few days since, a countryman and recently repulsed wife visited the city for the purpose of seeing the volunteers. While strolling through the streets, they thought they would indulge in the luxury of a glass of soda. Entering an apothecary store, they made known their wants.

"What kind of syrup?" asked the man of pills.

"Well, I guess I'll take some of the syrup of squills," the countryman answered.

"We do not use that kind," the clerk said. "I know you don't, because it's costly. I will have the syrup of squills."

The druggist remonstrated, but all to no purpose. His customer would have the squills, remarking:

"All the other syrups is made of sugar, lemon drops, sassa-parilla, and such things, to humpin' folks."

The squills were procured, and our hero requested to pour out for himself; and he did so, taking a bountiful quantity, in order to get his money's worth.

The heroine being asked how she would prefer hers, raised herself to the supposed dignity of a city belle, and replied:

"Heckon as how I'll try mine without any squills or any sweetening."

Her wish was complied with, for the druggist was nonplussed at the independence of the apparently happy pair. They touched their glasses, drank, and sat down, as they remarked, "to let it settle." In passing their own opinions on the drinks, they gave anything but a favorable decision. In a few moments our hero began to experience a new internal sensation.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with my stomach?" And before an answer was returned up came the squills and soda.

"I'm pisened!" he moaned. "Only married three days, and got to die! Pump it out of me, somebody. I'll give a doctor fifty cents to save my life!"

The wife fell on her knees and attempted to comfort her husband, but he was not to be cheered—and not until the last of the squills had left his stomach, did he entertain a hope of remaining in this world. The couple left the store vowing vengeance against the man who told them to call for squills to sweeten their soda.

GLASGOW HABITS.—Only forty years ago, the way of getting rid of the ladies after dinner, at Glasgow, was to propose, as a toast, "The trade of Glasgow, and the outward bound." Of the drinking judges of the day, Lord Hermand was the most famous. "A case of some great offence was tried before him, and the counsel pleaded extenuation for his client in that he was drunk when he committed the offence. "Drunk!" exclaimed Lord Hermand, in great indignation; "if he could do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was sober?" evidently implying that the normal condition of human nature, and its most hopeful one, was a condition of intoxication.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life.*

SCOTCH WIT.—A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by overfeeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry: "Oh, doggie, doggie! and give ye live wi' your uncle, see that you are so thin!"

THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.

Florence was once desolated with a plague. Hundreds died with disease, and thousands died with fear and melancholy. The dead cart went its dismal round in the streets, day and night, and men and women died away from the kindness of their own blood the moment that the fell suspicion of plague was discovered. All was gloom—darkness—desolation. All, did I say? Not so! There was one little villa with hanging gardens, just outside the walls, but within the reach of the infected air—a place where the flowers blew, and the trees waved, and the birds sang, and the water played, and where Nature was just as beautiful as it had been in the days when plague had not yet desolated the fair land of Italy. Thither went some scores of fair women and gallant men, and there they ate and drank and slept, and read old ballads and told tales, and thrummed old ballads on the guitar, and lay lazily on the grass looking up in each other's eyes, and thanked God with merry hearts for what they had enjoyed, and took no care for the evil of pestilence which might fall upon them, and lived and loved as they might have done at another time in history. So all the long, sad summer to Florence, and though they never fled away from the city, or escaped the tainted air that would creep out even into the Val d'Arno—not one died—not one sickened, while the work of desolation went on among the thousands and thousands they had left behind them. And to this day, in the Decameron, are preserved the charming stories with which the bards and *cantastors* beguiled the time during that long period.

Why did they live when others died? Not alone because the flowers were fresher, or because the air was purer than within the gates of Florence; but that they had not lost the hope and idea of living, and looked up instead of down, and kept the heart high instead of allowing it to faint and grovel. Whoever will, of the social or business world, may take this lesson and put it in his vest pocket, and read it every morning while the wet shadow looms over the land, and take his coffee and his enjoyment together, and thereby make the world the richer eventually.

We had sweet dreams the other night, When all around was still—

We dreamed we saw a host of folks Walk up and pay the printer's bill!

What must inevitably happen if they continue increasing the size of those newly invented balloon balls.

FOUND OUT.

Just consider what life would be if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo*! What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealmouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? And saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off?

Is it again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out. Just picture to yourself everybody that does wrong being found out and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped—and then the assistants, and then the head master (Dr. Bradford, let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole study. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for their faulty exercises, fancy Dr. Lincoln being taken up for certain faults in his "Essay and Review."

After the clergyman has cried his preface, suppose we hold up a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! I see my Lord Bishop of Double Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right (reverted) bench. After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the minister who appointed him? My Lord Ciquawder, it is painful to have to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age, but really—

State tandem, carmine! The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of blood which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again, and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honor to move. Is it not a mercy that many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is forever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty pride it is; and yet we know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box who is so handsome and whom they admire so? Ah, me! what would life be if we were all found out and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanent use; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?—*Roundabout Papers.*

SALT-WATER SEAS AND FISH BECOMING FRESH IN CONSTITUTION.—A paper was read recently at the French Academy of Sciences by M. Babinet, on the diminution of salt in certain seas. Those inland seas, like the Euxine, which are constantly receiving fresh water from rivers, while their salt is constantly flowing out by some outlet, such as the Bosphorus, will in the course of time be transformed into fresh-water lakes. This has been the case with Lake Balkal, in Siberia, the waters of which were once salt, but are now almost as pure as distilled water. During this process, which has taken ages to accomplish, the fish which were indigenous before have continued so, although the water is so much changed. There are herring and seals in the lake, which are similar to those in the salt Polar Seas. M. Babinet concludes, therefore, that herring and seals may be acclimatized in fresh-water rivers and lakes.

HOW TO DISCOVER FOOLS.—A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of a class examination, was asked by a professor, "Pray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?" "By the question he would ask," said Mr. E.

The most extraordinary run at billiards yet known, is recorded of a young player named David James, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, who scored 3,888 points without break, at the three ball carom game.

SCOTLAND IN 1660.

Here legs were then the prevalent fashion among the poorer female classes; and even the maid-servants in gentlemen's houses displayed a similar morning toilet. The undress of both sexes was often coarse and slovenly beyond any example, even among the poorer orders in modern days. Gentlemen used to walk about all the morning in greasy night-caps and dirty dressing-gowns, or threadbare coats. The elder ladies wore large linen caps called *logs*, encroaching on the face, and tied under the chin, and worsted short gowns and aprons. The clergy were not less slovenly than their neighbors. Many of them wore colored clothes of very coarse materials. Blue was the common color for full dress among that profession. Butcher's meat was rarely eaten by lairds and servants, except in the houses of stock farmers, who found their account in consuming at home that part of their stock which was unfit for sale. There was no regular butcher market except in towns and the larger villages, and the articles brought to market consisted chiefly of mutton, lamb and veal. Even in principal towns beef was seldom to be had in the market.

Yet beef was only 2d. or 2½d. a pound of 17½ ounces, and never exceeded 4d.; lamb, 1½d.; veal, 4d. and 6d.; and mutton in like proportion. The carcass of a whole lamb might be got for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; and butter and cheese 2d. ounces to the pound, cost 3d. or 4d. Many conveniences were wanting: in the kitchen the utensils were few and clumsy; jacks had not been invented. Household furniture was simple enough: wooden platters served for farmers and many of the clergy; in some higher families, pewter vessels were seen. In many gentlemen's houses there were no grates in the bed-rooms, the fire, when a fire there was, being kindled on the hearth; and at bed-time visitors were paired off to sleep together (two gentlemen or two ladies), though of different age or rank, and strangers to each other.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE RHUBARB WINE.—To one gallon of water add four pounds of ripe rhubarb, thoroughly bruised; let it stand in the tub four days, stir it frequently; then strain it; to one gallon of liquor put four pounds of good brown sugar, the juice of one, and the peel of one-half a lemon; to every ten gallons, one ounce of gingglass and one pint of brandy; put in a cask; after the fermentation is over, bung it tight; let it stand one year or more, and then bottle it for use. If kept three or four years, it will sparkle like Champagne.

GINGER BEER.—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger, bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it, and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

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CLOVER ROOTS.—At the meeting of the Board of Watertown, President Geddes had some clover roots furnished him by a farmer in Onondaga county, one of which measured three feet eight inches, and the roots entered the ground as tap roots. The longest one was evidently broken off in taking up, and probably was six or eight inches longer, making it more than four feet; the others nearly as long. Such appendages as these to the clover plant, in friable soil, may well account for the great value of this plant as a fertilizer.—*N. Y. Journal State Ag. Society.*

SULPHUR FOR POTATOES.—A correspondent of the London Gardener's Chronicle dusted his potato sets with sulphur, and found that it not only drove away slugs, worms and insects, but that the crop was entirely free from the disease, while others in the adjoining row, planted without sulphur, were "seriously damaged by disease."



A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

WHAT must inevitably happen if they continue increasing the size of those newly invented balloon balls.

FOUND OUT.

Just consider what life would be if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo*! What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealmouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? And saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? Is it again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out. Just picture to yourself everybody that does wrong being found out and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped—and then the assistants, and then the head master (Dr. Bradford, let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole study. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for their faulty exercises, fancy Dr. Lincoln being taken up for certain faults in his "Essay and Review."

After the clergyman has cried his preface, suppose we hold up a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! I see my Lord Bishop of Double Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right (reverted) bench. After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the minister who appointed him? My Lord Ciquawder, it is painful to have to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age, but really—

State tandem, carmine! The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of blood which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again, and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honor to move. Is it not a mercy that many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is forever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty pride it is; and yet we know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box who is so handsome and whom they admire so? Ah, me! what would life be if we were all found out and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanent use; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?—*Roundabout Papers.*

SALT-WATER SEAS AND FISH BECOMING FRESH IN CONSTITUTION.—A paper was read recently at the French Academy of Sciences by M. Babinet, on the diminution of salt in certain seas. Those inland seas, like the Euxine, which are constantly receiving fresh water from rivers, while their salt is constantly flowing out by some outlet, such as the Bosphorus, will in the course of time be transformed into fresh-water lakes. This has been the case with Lake Balkal, in Siberia, the waters of which were once salt, but are now almost as pure as distilled water. During this process, which has taken ages to accomplish, the fish which were indigenous before have continued so, although the water is so much changed. There are herring and seals in the lake, which are similar to those in the salt Polar Seas. M. Babinet concludes, therefore, that herring and seals may be acclimatized in fresh-water rivers and lakes.

HOW TO DISCOVER FOOLS.—A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of a class examination, was asked by a professor, "Pray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?" "By the question he would ask," said Mr. E.

The most extraordinary run at billiards yet known, is recorded of a young player named David James, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, who scored 3,888 points without break, at the three ball carom game.

SCOTLAND IN 1660.

Here legs were then the prevalent fashion among the poorer female classes; and even the maid-servants in gentlemen's houses displayed a similar morning toilet. The undress of both sexes was often coarse and slovenly beyond any example, even among the poorer orders in modern days. Gentlemen used to walk about all the morning in greasy night-caps and dirty dressing-gowns, or threadbare coats. The elder ladies wore large linen caps called *logs*, encroaching on the face, and tied under the chin, and worsted short gowns and aprons. The clergy were not less slovenly than their neighbors. Many of them wore colored clothes of very coarse materials. Blue was the common color for full dress among that profession. Butcher's meat was rarely eaten by lairds and servants, except in the houses of stock farmers, who found their account in consuming at home that part of their stock which was unfit for sale. There was no regular butcher market except in towns and the larger villages, and the articles brought to market consisted chiefly of mutton, lamb and veal. Even in principal towns beef was seldom to be had in the market.

Yet beef was only 2d. or 2½d. a pound of 17½ ounces, and never exceeded 4d.; lamb, 1½d.; veal, 4d. and 6d.; and mutton in like proportion. The carcass of a whole lamb might be got for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; and butter and cheese 2d. ounces to the pound, cost 3d. or 4d. Many conveniences were wanting: in the kitchen the utensils were few and clumsy; jacks had not been invented. Household furniture was simple enough: wooden platters served for farmers and many of the clergy; in some higher families, pewter vessels were seen. In many gentlemen's houses there were no grates in the bed-rooms, the fire, when a fire there was, being kindled on the hearth; and at bed-time visitors were paired off to sleep together (two gentlemen or two ladies), though of different age or rank, and strangers to each other.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

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